

## TOP TWENTY

1's A Trick Crass (RT)  
 PiL (Virgin)  
 UK Decay (Plastic)  
 Subs (RCA)  
 un X Honey Bane (RT)  
 - Scars (Fast)  
 Gas - PiL (bootleg)  
 nance - Slits (Island)  
 op - Byron Lee (State)  
 s - Ruts (Virgin)  
 ures - Fatal Microbes  
 ds - 4 Be 2 (Island)  
 iL (Virgin)  
 tion - Angelic Upstarts  
 ck - Tapper Zukie (Vir-  
 Battalion (bootleg)  
 y Action - T. Rex (EMI)  
 - Crass (RT)  
 Jackanory bootleg ('73)  
 ss - Johnny Thinders  
 tton Estate, Middles-

- 1 Where Were You - Mekons (Fast)
- 2 01-01-212 - Vice Creems (Tiger)
- 3 Problems - Pistols (Virgin)
- 4 Flares 'n' Slippers - Cockney Rejects (Small Wonder)
- 5 New York - Pistols
- 6 What Do I Get? - Buzzcocks (UA)
- 7 Space Invaders - Piranhas (Virgin)
- 8 Girl On The Phone - Jam (Polydor)
- 9 Gangsters - Specials (2-Tone)
- 10 The Suit - PiL (Virgin)
- 11 10.15 Saturday Night - Cure (S. Wonder)
- 12 Me And My Desire & 999 (UA)
- 13 Pure Mania - Vibrators (CBS)
- 14 British Justice - Buzzcocks (Chrysalis)
- 15 Police State - Xtraverts (Rising Sun)
- 16 Clampdown - Clash (CBS)
- 17 Telephone Numbers - UK Subs (Gem)
- 18 Television Screen - Radiators (Chiswick)
- 19 Johnny Won't... - Killjoys (Raw)
- 20 I'm In Love With Today - Users (Raw)

— Ian Prescott, Hereford

- 1 Today Today - Cowboys Int. (Virgin)
- 2 Graveyard - PiL (Virgin)
- 3 Make A Fool Of You - 999 (Polydor)
- 4 Silent Command - Cabaret Voltaire (R. Trade)
- 5 Slow Motion - Blondie (Chrysalis)
- 6 Kid - Pretenders (Real)
- 7 Fantastic Voyage - Bowie (RCA)
- 8 Underpants - John Foxx (Virgin)
- 9 Stay Awhile - Dusty Springfield (Phonogram)
- 10 Spacer - Sheila B. Devotion (Carrere)
- 11 Monkees EP (Arista)
- 12 Rudi Can't Fail - Clash (CBS)
- 13 Placebo Effect - Siouxsie (Polydor)
- 14 Everyday People - Sly & the Family Stone
- 15 Total Control - Motels (Capitol)
- 16 Working My Way - Detroit Spinners (WEA)
- 17 Judy In Disguise - Silicon Teens (Mute)
- 18 Sister Midnight - Iggy Pop (RCA)
- 19 East Side Of Town - Slaughter (DJM)
- 20 Where's Captain Kirk? - Spizz Energi (R. Trade)

— Andrew Shelton

Dictators (Electra out-  
 es A UFO - Cramps  
 - Ramones (Sire)  
 - Furs (CBS)  
 eams - Suicide (Red  
 uce Springsteen (CBS)  
 e - Holly & The Italians  
 ntees (Goldmine)  
 Brave - Bonnie & The  
 ida)  
 Name - Simple Minds  
 Ellen Foley (Epic)  
 ans Fun - Pebbles Iv  
 he Boy I Love - Orlons  
 t's Go - McCoys (Bang)  
 tone - Southside Johnny  
 Crisis - NY Dolls (Mer-  
 - OMITD (Din Disc)  
 e - VH7 (VH7)  
 Still Young - Autographs  
 s - Wee Looney on Ti was  
 Hutton, "Next Big Thing"

## GREEN MAN

- THE PUB-GOING PUNTERS AT AYLESBURY'S GREEN MAN FAVOURED THE FOLLOWING WITH THEIR TOPS OVER THE PAST MONTH...
- (-)1. DE BLACK PETTY BOOSHWAH - LINTON KWESI JOHNSON (ISLAND)
  - (-)2. HAPPY HOUSE - SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES (POLYDOR)
  - (2)3. LONDON CALLING - THE CLASH (CBS)
  - (-)4. SOLDIER SOLDIER - SPIZZ ENERGI (ROUGH TRADE)
  - (-)5. GIRL ON THE RUN - HONEY BANE (CRASS)
  - (1)6. TOO MUCH TOO YOUNG EP - SPECIALS (2-TONE)
  - (1)7. COME TO REALISE - RON WOOD (CBS)
  - (5)8. WHERE'S CAPTAIN KIRK? - SPIZZ ENERGI (ROUGH TRADE)
  - (10)9. MURDER OF LITTLE TOWERS - ANGELIC UPSTARTS
  - (-)10. 19TH NERVOUS BREAKDOWN - ROLLING STONES (DECCA)
  - (-)11. MIDNIGHT BLUE EP - WHIRLWIND (PROMO)
  - (4)12. CHINESE ROCKS - HEARTBREAKERS (TRACK)
  - (-)13. DREAM BABY DREAM - SUICIDE (2E/ISLAND)
  - (9)14. DANGER LOVE - VICE CREEMS (2162AG)
  - (-)15. CHATTY CHATTY-TOOTS & THE MAYTALS (ISLAND)
  - (-)16. GYPSY BLOOD - DOLL BY DOLL (AUTOMATIC)
  - (-)17. BARNABAS COLINS - LONE RANGER (ISLAND)
  - (1)18. GUNS OF NAVARONE - SKATALITES (ISLAND)
  - (8)19. TUMBUNG DICE - ROLLING STONES (ROLLING STONES)
  - (1)20. LET'S BUILD A CAR - SWELL MAPS (ROUGH TRADE)



COMPANIES. SEND 45s TO THE GREEN MAN, MARKET  
 COMPILED BY RAY DUTHIE. SQ, AYLESBURY...

OP 20s



ARTURO, doesn't smoke all that much these days; drinks less; doesn't take drugs anymore, had a bad time; has a Vox AC 30; sits to my right in the office conference room.

Across the table sit Dave Allen and Hugh Griffiths, nursing, respectively, lager cans and Coke cans. Hot room, a strange atmosphere for an interview, an hour's to-ing and fro-ing on things cultural, current and comprehensive.

Pinpoint: a precise, concise name suggesting precision and concision... one of those gig-guide names flickering past your eyes, some of those gigs you never attended but maybe thought once about.

Gig-guides but no gossip; one of those names you heard of but not about, no hotel-room controversies, lig-season small-talk, bully-boy antics, do-goods or do-bads. A right unremarkable small fry, perhaps?

In rock and roll, its becoming increasingly apparent how little forms, motifs, theories and things actually matter, how little impression is made: from this, and discarding "world change" manifestos, it becomes clear that valuable work regards individuals as of priority, emotional perspective as critical, and the ability to actualise these things as more essential than Commercial Success.

Hence, The Fall and Doll By Doll and PiL and — even — Cecil Taylor and Miles Davis are "successful" because their real duty is to their beliefs and means of expression; they all do their jobs.

These are my figureheads — the abstract, the conventional, the rock, the roll, the jazz — and behind these lie other, smaller entities of equal significance... Transmitters, U-2, Pinpoint, the list is ominously short.

This is where Pinpoint fit in?

Pinpoint: a specific, sharp name suggesting likewise music. Structurally speaking, they barely fit in with The Fall, PiL, Miles Davis... in fact their earlier followers were more easily equated with UK Subs / Valves / etcetera.

These audiences barely acquaint themselves with Pinpoint nowadays... Pinpoint are looser now, more open-ended: it's still brash, fizzy rockpop at times... only less prone to format, more, multiplex, more assertive.

"Brute force and intellect" was a rather short-changing self-analysis of theirs; it's hardly the most informative of descriptions, even though there's an eternal paradox where lyrics and sounds battle with each other, the sort of lyrics that are usually foreign to those sort of sounds.

Albion released a single, "Richmond", at the end of 1979; it's old now, was outmoded by the time it came out. I ask how they feel about things...

Arturo: "Inhibited... they say we should develop, we should be better by the time we're recording... thing is, we feel held back. There's a lot of numbers — old ones — that we want to document as they were. Like, "Richmond" is something we're not anymore. When we did it with Martin Rushent it turned out so awful we had to do it again, it should've come out last May."

Dave: "If you've spent the last 15 years of your life as a producer it's bound to jaundice your approach..."

Arturo: "I don't think producers bother about your lyrics, for instance. I don't think 90 per cent of the record buying public care all that much..."

Dave: "With producers, it's the difference between amateurs and professionals — the amateurs do take an interest in your work."

Arturo: "Recording-frustration... Every thing's frustrating about the Music Business... I dunno. Nothing runs smoothly for us — we're not sensationalists, we don't shout about being good..."

Dave: "Ah, but we are the meanest bunch of bastards ever to walk the stage..."

There's historical facts and figures that could be related, but that's an easy space-filler; let's be current. This Pinpoint — I like the way they think, I like their reasoning. In a sense, that's more important than their music... it's also what draws you to it.

Arturo will act unassumingly. "Why is it?" he'll bleat, "Why is it we're neglected? If we put on make-up or bleeding smart suits we'd probably be accepted."

That would be a clever thing: the best you can do is what comes natural — no point sacrificing instinct for artifice.

Pinpoint: is there a particular function you have to fulfill? Is there something you believe you must do as a band?

Arturo: "Yeah. I mean, Dave could write a book about it quite easily — I don't think I could, but it's... we're quite selfish really, it's about ourselves, egotistical or whatever, flushing what you feel out of your system... like "Floods And Trickle" is the way you see your friends; that's just an analogy... Flood being when it's heavy, Trickle being when it's good... it's where you can be at ease with friends, or when they can become overbearing, when you can't see them anymore."

"Ultimately that song is about not being able to tell anymore... most of the songs are head-states. It's difficult writing about feeling good, so a lot of our songs are the opposite... hopefully the audience will identify with some of the things we've got to say; we're just presenting ourselves."

Dave: "I believe, and it's like this with other bands, that the only people that could like what we do are the ones who can empathise with what we are. People who like obscure, weird bands as a fashion, say, won't like us; people who like straight ahead rock and roll won't like us; so the only people who're likely to get off on what we're doing are the ones who feel they've got something in common with us. I mean, we're not gonna promote a false image..."

Hugh: "We're not gonna promote any image..."

Dave: "Oh we are, the image of being human beings..."

Hugh: "That's what I meant."

Arturo: "It's not so much the promotion of an image; more just being as natural as we can possibly be..."

Plus, there's this eternal good or bad classification, which, in various circumstances, implies "hip" or "un-hip"... it's not enough to accept people as people; people don't even promote themselves as people these days.

Dave: "That's the trouble with fads and fashions, full stop. Immediately you create a fashion you create a stereotype, which then oppresses people — because no matter what sort of person you are, you're always affected by stereotypes."

Do you see even the remotest possibility of that being broken down?

Arturo: "No. There's too much shit thrown up around bands for people's opinions to be swayed..."

Dave: "Like every heavy metal band claims to be the meanest bunch of mothers ever. And that's how they always promote themselves."

Arturo: "People always love over-the-top classifications of bands; they love the

acting. It's the old showbiz circus — people, still, want entertainment, and if you don't come up to the old expectations of Saturday night out, good time and all that... you know what I mean? I don't know if it's necessarily good for them to escape all the time..."

Dave: "I think people do need to escape once in a while. That's why they take drugs, or get drunk, smoke, read books or whatever... to escape from themselves, to avoid what they are."

Pinpoint: What about success???

Arturo: "You need a measure of success, commercial success, if only to carry on doing what you want to do at a particular level — in our case, on a small level. I don't think success should be measured on time; you stop when you feel it's right to stop... like people wonder why John Lennon doesn't put out any new stuff, but he probably hasn't got anything else to say. I don't think there's really been any new subject matter in the last few years; you find yourself talking in clichés all the time. Which is really frustrating."

But clichés are just cheapened truths anyway...

Dave: "And views don't really change all that much, do they? You can go home and read Shakespeare or something, and what they're describing, it's still essentially the same, similar situations still exist."

So we're still basically just cavemen with telephones and TV sets?

Dave: "Yeah, and that's all it is and it's skin deep. It's basically a series of ideas that have been promoted about what happened to the first centre of culture. There is no real progression... we do this song, "Family Life" which is like a mini soap-opera, looking at the nuclear family, comparing it with a video tape-loop, how the same situation perpetuates itself, kids leaving home, getting jobs and so on.

"Family Life" wouldn't work as a pop song — cause people like to hear verse / chorus / verse / chorus, which is seen as the perfect form of song structure — but if you try to do something where the actual structure compliments the nature of the song..."

People will instinctively turn away.

"I don't know if they do..."

Arturo: "I think they do. We're not being accepted, are we?"

Perhaps they're turning away from the lack of image.

Arturo: "Well we don't have lurex suits or smoke bombs."

And its doubtful that Pinpoint may ever prove "good" or "essential" or informative to more than a specific minority, but they should ultimately bear no great conscience. They still have no reasons not to be bemused, though.

Limiting factors? Live, they're still dance band-ish, albeit very good at it, though less prone to dance band-ishness than they used to be. And their lyrics, their principle weapon, are often lost, either through mix-mud or lack of audience attention.

There's nothing structurally constricted, however, with Joe Decorator sometimes slipping in slithering sax-motifs, repunctuating the sound, pointing Pinpoint in possible future directions, towards different snickets. On record, there are real chances.

I just thought they were worth telling you about.

Finally Hugh, whose various tates in the tete-a-tete are generally drawled out by Dave, leans over and says "What I wanted to know is why nobody's covered "Montego Bay," yet. That's what I wanted to know." I see...

Chris Westwood



# PINPOINT





# BLOWIN' UP!

PUNTERS with a penchant for hot tips and smug smirks were predicting the Rockabilly Resurgence two years ago as an antidote to the sagging energy stores of then-burnt-out Punk's first wave. Whirlwind was a name often mentioned.

A young band who'd made the crossover from the cloistered ted circuit to the rock clubs with effortless ease, they didn't have time for all this desperation and set about gigging on the momentum of a ten-inch debut album, "Blowin' Up A Storm". That's really what they've been doing ever since, up to the recording of the second album, "Midnight Blue" before Christmas.

Now Mod is dead already we're apparently in danger of another go at making Rockabilly a commercial proposition for the masses. Matchbox and their flags 'n' hats, and Shakin' Stevens and his "Oh Boy!" accessibility, are partly to blame. Whirlwind could make a killing 'specially with singer-guitarist Nigel Dixon being heavy on teen-idol quality. But doing this is all he knows and wants to do.

This and other related topics popped up in an evening of spirited rabbiting conducted within the highly agreeable confines of the Walmer Castle round the corner from the Zigzag office.

We started off, typically enough, on the new album, a sparkling piece of work

which combines flair, attack and melody. There's covers — Cochran's "Teenage Cutie", Johnny Burnette's "Honey Hush" and Ray Campi's "If It's All The Same To You" to name three — and group compositions — "Cruisin' Around", "Nightmares", "Such A Fool" to name three more — and they all stand up. Fourteen varied celebrations of a spirit which sounds '80s fresh in the hands of Nigel, Mick Lewis, Chris Emo and Gary Hassett.

Anyway, take it away Nigel (and I hope you don't get drowned on the tape by Kenn Dod on the jukebox):

"I liked the new album while we were recording it. It's very rock 'n' roll, whereas before it was more rockabilly. It's hard to decide which way to go really. We can go and do rock 'n' roll but you've got to play a certain type to be recognised above what rock 'n' roll's doing. We don't really wanna lose the rockabilly side, it'd be a shame, that's what we got going on.

"There's a couple of tracks on there I don't like but overall I think it's good. It's quite a big step between the last one and this one. With the first we'd never done any recording before. We went into the studio and it was very exciting.

We were lucky because we'd played on the rock 'n' roll circuit. At the time we were the youngest band and became

really popular really quick, we were getting the same kind of money as Crazy Cavan, that sort of thing. What they said in that interview in the *NME* that we were actively pissed of with the rock 'n' roll circuit, it's not true. What actually happened was we were doing the rock 'n' roll circuit and we got offered a gig at the Speakeasy. There were loads of straight people down there and punks and we had a really great night, so we had some more gigs down there. Then we got bookings at the 100 Club and the Rock Garden. Because we done these places a lot of teds were saying "They gone punk." But we were interested in doing any gigs, just gigging to anybody who wanted to see us. We were getting more gigs outside the rock 'n' roll circuit. That's what happened, it wasn't that we thought we were too good for it.

We're doing our own numbers now. When you're doing your own stuff you're not just trying to play the bits like other people — when you're doing other people's numbers you tend to be like them, with your own numbers you can be yourself. It's very hard — there's so many rock 'n' roll numbers and rockabilly numbers that I'd love to play, but I also enjoy doing my own stuff."

Nigel's very discreet about the choice of "Heaven Knows" written by the album's producers, Billy Holliday and Tommy Doherty, as the new single. He admits it's "not to my specific choice" but sees the need for the band to get a hit single to survive and the fact it's getting a fair amount of radio play indicates it may be the one. I think it's a pleasant enough slice of teen rock 'n' romance which'd certainly look good in the charts. But we both know Whirlwind are capable of blowin' up a storm, as demonstrated by the album's "Big Sandy" and "Honey Hush", to name but two. They can also melt hearts — it was criminal that their classic "I Only Wish" of last year was never picked up on.

"Basically we need to sell some records to carry on. I don't mean I'm prepared to do any old crap just to do that. The reason we're not doing any gigs is it costs us money. I'm well sick about the whole situation with gigs and that. The year before last we were doing the Nashville and all them and we had quite a good following. If we'd kept that up last year, we could have got in the charts. Now you're sitting at home waiting for something to happen. I can't hassle for gigs, so basically we need to sell some f...ing records to get on the road and turn it over.

They did get on the road for a bit recently supporting Blondie on their UK tour. Though playing to a still filling hall of teenies, poppers and Debbie-droolers Whirlwind always acquitted themselves and maybe turned some young ears to another sound.

But this plum exposure wasn't gained through vast sums changing hands like normally happens. One day on a train Nigel bumped into photographer Chris Gabrin, who has close ties with Blondie.

## JOE GIBBS RECORDS INC. STUDIO 16 & K. & K. RECORDS PRESENTS



"THE WORKERS SPEAK TO THEIR SLAVE MASTERS" WITH STRIKE

COMING SOON on the 22nd February our latest Disco 45's

"LET'S DANCE" by THE ALBIANS, on the K. & K. Label

"I ADORE YOU" by LOVE AND UNITY on the Studio 16 Label

All enquiries should be made to: JOE GIBBS RECORD CITY, 29 Lewisham Way, New Cross, London, SE14. Tel: 01-691-0070/0119.





(L-R) GARY HASSETT, MICK LEWIS, NIGEL DIXON, CHRIS EMO

Chris suggested Whirlwind try for a support spot. Manager Doug Smith immediately sent a tape of "Midnight Blue" over to the Blondies and bingo! They got paid every night.

Actually a Whirlwind tour is being planned and they're doing / did our party. But a hit would sure help things along.

Whirlwind have been at the centre of some controversial press of late. First there was Nick Kent's *NME* piece on the rockabilly upsurge in the UK, a cracking bit of writing which not only blocked some of the predictability seeping in of late but came dangerously close to sparking a Civil War in the bequipped ranks as band took potshot at band. There was also a vicious pounding courtesy Paul Morley.

Nigel liked the Kent article and couldn't give a flying one about the putdown, doesn't fear a sudden lemming-surge into a new craze, but was perturbed that he was quoted as slagging teds off as thick — "I wasn't talkin' about individuals, it was written up as everybody. I didn't like that because we got started on the rock 'n' roll circuit." He don't wanna make a thing of it — apparently Matchbox were retracting their statements feverishly — but Nigel stands by what their circuit gave him, even if he's moved on rock's side of the fence now. But on the subject of a Rockabilly Craze...

"I can't see a real rockabilly revival at all myself. Everybody's saying it's on its way now, but two years ago everybody knew if they weren't teds they could still come to our gigs without hassle, but it didn't really take off then. I think if it does go now it'll still only be a minority thing. It's typical television — two years later they put "Oh Boy!" on.

"Hot Dog" and those ones of Matchbox aren't really rockabilly. The real

stauncho rockabilly is head-down no-nonsense stuff, like Heavy Metal. They're saying 'Oh, rockabilly's going to be the next thing' — they're 100 miles away saying things like that over 'Rockabilly Rebel' and 'Hot Dog'. That's more commercial. I don't think there's anything *wrong* with it — I'd like our single to be in the charts, but they wanna get down to the real no-nonsense stuff. Go down to one of Fifties Flash's things. He plays really obscure stuff like 'Billy Goat Boogie', give it another echo. It's real rockabilly. They're evading the point a bit if they're saying its gonna be the next big thing."

Talk gets to "I Only Wish". You wanna try and dig one out — Chiswick don't delete their back-catalogue. It's dynamite, a real teen-jerker, with massed production and sobbing guitar from Mick Lewis.

"Mick Lewis and me literally made that up one afternoon. They booked us into a studio to do some demos and nothing was happening. We thought they'd go mad. Then we started playing this. I was on drums and we thought we were going to get a right bollocking about it, but we re-recorded it and they released it as a single. It struck me as a classic type record — not because it's me, because it's really strange for us to do something like that. It appeared to that if it was a hit it'd be one of those things that's played now and again for years... but it got completely ignored."

Nigel informs me the band recently dived into the studio and laid down a version of Billy Fury's "Halfway To Paradise" plus an "out-and-out no-nonsense rockabilly number". He then launches into lengthy enthusiasms about Billy Fury — "He's The Man!" — and several renditions of his songs. It's his ambition to meet Fury, who nowadays buries himself in birdshit all the time.

How about ambitions, Nigel? You don't wanna end up a third-on-the-bill cabaret artist trotting out half-remembered golden oldies to lines of chicken 'n' chips baskets.

"My ambition's to be successful, but I don't need to be a flash star and all that. I just wanna be successful in the sense that I set out to do something for myself and I wanna be successful in that way. I wanna get some money together to get a recording studio, for other bands as well, so in five years' time when everybody's gonna have new ideas and I'm gonna be a bit of an old fart I can carry it on."

Why don't you throw everybody and get a synth?

"Yeah, but that lot are ten a penny. It's easy to do that. It's almost an obvious move. We could play the same as Motorhead, we could get a few synthesisers and do a few Gary Numans. But that's not the answer — it's harder to do what we're doing, because we get singled out. They can cut you down because you're singled out."

Whirlwind's main problem is sorting out exactly where they're gonna go. They can whack out the "no-nonsense" rockabilly with the best. They can croon a smooth teen ballad. Now they're cruising more into the rock 'n' roll and Nigel Dixon has the sultry charisma for a young idol. They want and need a hit to survive in the field but don't wanna get as obvious as Matchbox.

Whirlwind can never be a Division One band unless it's as leaders of a short-lived, half-assed rockabilly revival. They need many more people to throw off preconceptions and prejudices and just get off on the sound which should be allowed to pump out of them naturally and take its own course.

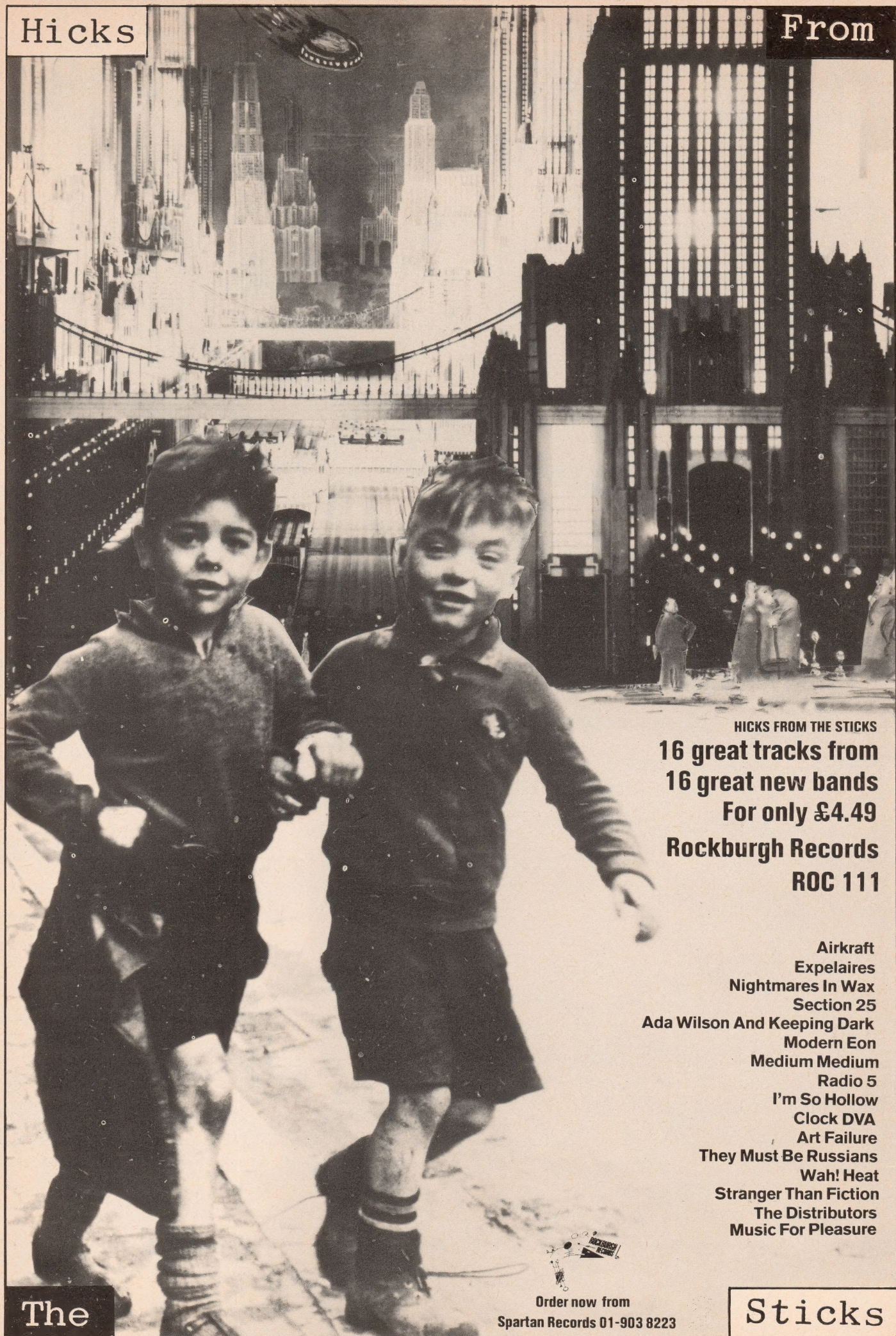
It's worth a try, y'know.

Kris



Hicks

From



HICKS FROM THE STICKS

**16 great tracks from  
16 great new bands  
For only £4.49**

**Rockburgh Records  
ROC 111**

Aircraft  
Expelaires  
Nightmares In Wax  
Section 25  
Ada Wilson And Keeping Dark  
Modern Eon  
Medium Medium  
Radio 5  
I'm So Hollow  
Clock DVA  
Art Failure  
They Must Be Russians  
Wah! Heat  
Stranger Than Fiction  
The Distributors  
Music For Pleasure



Order now from  
Spartan Records 01-903 8223

The

Sticks



# WALTERS

Scene III. A glade in the forest just outside 'Happytown in the Land of Neverwas. The author, having sworn in the last edition, as a protest against the Russian presence in Afghanistan, to hold his breath until the Soviets retired beyond the border, is sitting on a log, purple in the face with eyes staring and standing out like chapel hat-pegs. Irate reader M. Black of Norwich and oppressed minorities representative Annie Mossity are seated on a verdant bank watching with some interest. Enter Lads and Lasses of the Village hand in hand with Woodcutters and Milkmaids — they dance on right singing gaily — hi ho tiddly pom — spotting the trio they exit left smartly but less gaily. M/s Mossity speaks (If I could walk him along to C&A's I could see if the had a trousersuit that colour. It's sort of aubergine but different). (It's the silence I can't stand, complains M. Black; perhaps if we made him laugh he'd let it all go — oi, there was this man went into a pub see and the landlord . . . !).

That's no good, sterner measures are called for — hey fattie, Derek Jewell said in the *Sunday Times* that he knows a fifteen year old who likes Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber).

Snort, snert, snitter . . .

(And he described a performance by Spyro Gyra as 'a uniquely virtuosic piece of choreographed instrumentalism').

Ka-poo!!! Laugh, laugh, cough, cough, gulp, gulp, swallow, swallow, house-martin, house-martin . . . oh well, I suppose holding one's breath for a month in defence of freedom is as much as anyone could sensibly expect — 'spose there's two sides to it anyway. Now on to more important matters. Actually it was a rave from D. Jewell that made me sit through Spyro Gyra on a recent 'Rock Goes To College'. Could my assessment of their recorded work have been wrong? Should I have let the album play on to the fourth, or even the fifth bar. Should they have refused to serve me in the sixth bar and have sent me home in a taxi? My brain whirled as I read, "If they keep the faith, then they will join the top quality group ranks". That's it, that's who they remind me of. Ranks! How well I remember the last times I saw them. The moon rose over the Pacific and the waitresses served us with Pina Coladas, and coconut shells full of Planters' Punch and Barman's Revenge, we swayed to the afro-muzak rhythms as Rank's leader, saxophonist Joel Blitzblatt, stepped up to the mike. The music plays — ching, ching, chong, ching, chinky, chong . . .

"Thank you ladies 'n gen'lemen" (cries of "Rock 'n Rooll") 'lemme introduce the boys'n the 'grooop' (cries of "Whee-haa") "Chick Volkswagonovitch on percussion" (ping ping pong, ping pingty pong) "The brains behind the group, Wink Wanker-



THE TRUE RELATIONSHIP  
WALTERS FULLY IN CONTROL

witz, keyboards and synthesiser, he's a Sagittarian girls so watch out!" and so before launching into "Funk off you Funking Funker", "Moonbeamdream Dance" or "Febtober Suite" or some sort of castrated jazz-rock-latin-fusion-crossover-muso garbage just like Spyro Gyra. Endless spaghetti without so much as a shake of parmesan cheese much less a meatball. Just the sort of rock to appeal to college-goers. Are students thick or what? They'd get better music listening to Radio 1 which has some quite good things on these days.

Radio 1 revelations time. Did you know that Kid Jensen's wife calls him "Kid"? Seemed odd to me. I mean, does Count Basie's wife call him "Count", did King George V's wife call him "King". surely they'd be called Ron or Dave in more private moments. Still . . .

What is Noel Edmonds' secret sorrow? That he has to be at work while everyone else in the country is watching "Tiswas". Still, I expect he's got one of those video things, several actually.

Why does top rock jock John Peel not go on holiday? Well, he revealed all to the listeners on a recent programme. Apparently, he enjoyed holidays abroad until he heard the Pistols mention cheap holidays in other people's misery. Now, every time he's about to leave those words come ringing back. A message for our times there I think. The Sage of Stowmarker not too proud to be shown a Great Truth by folk philosopher J. Rotten. Rotten smiles knowingly and self effacingly as Peel sees the light, frowning slightly and trying to run his fingers through his hair, stopped only by the fact that his trousers are too tight to allow his hand down them. Yes all generations must join in a New Order. Reader Vstrulm Smrknb writes appreciatively, "Snrsk vrnt brmskrn . . ." which translates as "Greetings and felicitations oh great ones. How happy we are in the holiday isle of Strgn now that you have eased our misery by giving up your cheap holidays. How hateful it was to us to receive hotel wages and tips, how we loathed your spotty white secretaries who were disgorged from every boat and plane with cries of, "Parlez-vous jig-jig?" It was only our great misery that made us accept the drinks they bought us in exchange for the performance of obscene practices on the beach — offensive to our morality and to our ancient gods. Now we are free to return to our old ways, such as tree-weaving and dropping dead from malnutrition. Our children no longer demean themselves by earning a fat living leading parties of donkey treckers to the gypsy caves. They are now free to go to our city of Pnrtln where the more attractive ones are allowed to use every orifice and appendage to pleasure the codswallop traders in exchange for packets of Woodbines. No more cheap holidays for you, no more misery for us. May Snibri smile upon your worships".

Well said old fellow, have a food parcel. Now let's be serious for a moment.

NEXT  
MONTH

STOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES  
STIFF LITTLE FINGERS  
DISTRACTIONS · FRIPP · K. JOKE  
THE CRAMPS · ORIG. MIRRORS



(M. Black and A. Mossity exchange a glance of incomprehension)

Speaking of Radio 1, a few words about the Peel prog. Firstly, you're jolly lucky to have it. Let's own up. The commercial boys, in any area I've heard, are pretty much a waste of time for the likes of you (unless of course I've misjudged the readership and you are all manufacturers of double glazing and owners of cut price carpet warehouses). I remember Peel having a row years ago with a well known group who had made a self-indulgent mess of an "In Concert" and pointing out that there were few enough opportunities to get the music across without blowing one. "Stay cool", said the leader, "independent radio is coming and then we can all have our own music station". Independent radio has of course simply become safety first mid-atlantic "entertainment" and any provincial chap who read his stations charter with its promise of encouragement for local events and local talents, King Lear performed with regional accents and so on must be a bit taken aback with his daily diet of someone who's a star "from New York to L.A." telling him to shake his booty while he's trying to eat his booty. In other words the local talent in this country has more chance of radio exposure through Radio 1 — in particular the Peel Show than on their local stations.

But let me give you an idea of what we're up to. Firstly, now that rock's the new folk music with a group on every corner we frankly can't cope. By that I mean can't cope in a thorough and orderly manner. There are just too many little labels and home-made tapes to be heard let alone broadcast. We get eight

hours a week and certain facilities allocated by the Beeb and our aim is to get as much of the stuff through to you as we can. Peel has over a thousand tapes at home and more come into my office by every post. We used to at least write down the names but then decided we were like an Oxfam post facing refugees. We can't satisfy everyone but it was more important to get the stuff out to the needy than to put the tins of beans in order. So we try and hear what we can and we have far more known and unknown material to fill the week than we need. Peel can't do more unless he gives up broadcasting so we have to be satisfied that we have filled the week with an entertaining or stimulating or at least interesting slice of what's around. You probably feel that you should be part of that slice and I hope you make it and if not get a letter saying "thanks anyway". Of course, your masterwork may never get heard by either of us but it doesn't mean you're not a nice person. Every chart, even TOTP, now has a large percentage of stuff that first saw the light of day through the Peel show and while that's very nice it's not very relevant except to show that we're not out of touch with kids' tastes. Nothing's picked with commercial success in mind. We just feel "this sounds right" or "this deserves a chance". If everybody doesn't get a tin of beans, tough, but we try to fill the eight hours using some knowledge, some instinct and a lot of good intent and as we now get quite a lot of material sent from abroad seeking the Peel seal of approval when they can't get played on their own stations then I can't see how things can be handled better anywhere in the world. Oh, and if you should get through to the office and I

pick up the phone and say John Walters, don't say "Is that John Walters?" Of course it is 'else I wouldn't have said so — unless I was a burglar pretending to be me.

'Course, *he* has most say and people of ten ask what our relationship's like. I've said elsewhere that it's like a Holmes and Watson but probably at my most optimistic I'd say a Clough and Taylor. At my most pessimistic I'd say a Paul and Linda McCartney where cameramen rush to snap him while she desperately pushes into the picture pulling a "star" face. Of course one could say a Laurel and Hardy, a Bogart and Bacall, a Tooting and Mitcham, a Light and Bitter, a Steak and Kidney, a Brighton and Hove Albion . . . the list goes on.

Well, the hundredth edition eh? Cheers! I've been doing my stint since the sixties when it was all cowboys and hippies, but a hundred's pretty auspicious. I notice that it coincided with an eclipse and I saw in the papers that many of our foreign chums took the twin phenomena pretty strangely.

(Just a minute, squeaks A. Mossity, I hope you're not implying that any nations or civilisations are in any way inferior to our own. Many civilisations had invented the wheel when your ancestors had to make do with going about on the bicycle!)

Good grief no! It's just that I read that certain of our Indian colleagues celebrated by burying themselves up to the neck in cow dung — oh well, what's good enough for them, here goes . . . schlumph . . . glumph . . . fslup!

(The other way up, you twerp.)  
(Good grief!!)

John Walters

## THE FABULOUS

# THUNDERBIRDS

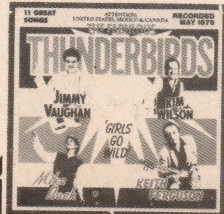
**JIMMY VAUGHAN**

**NEW E.P.**  
**YOU AIN'T NOTHING BUT FINE**  
**SHE'S STUFF**  
**SCRATCH MY BACK**  
CHS 2415

**KIM WILSON**

**NEW ALBUM**  
**'GIRLS GO WILD'**  
CHR 1250

**INCLUDES MATERIAL**  
**FEATURED IN 'THE OLD**  
**GREY WHISTLE TEST'**

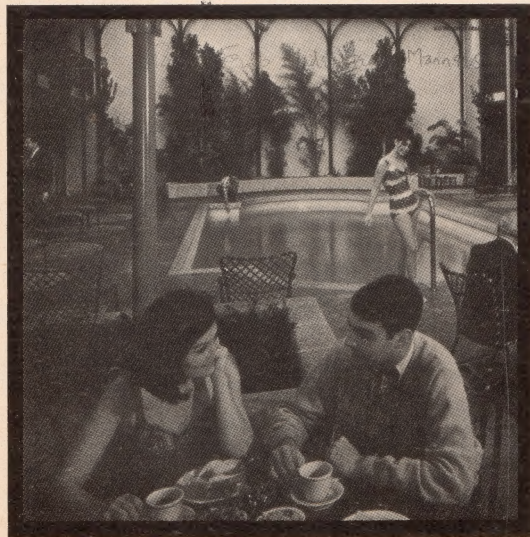


**Mike Buck**

**KEITH FERGUSON**

Chrysalis





# ROBERT FRIPP UNDER HEAVY MANNERS

Dolby Digital

# ROBERT FRIPP COD SWINE THE OCEAN





# BEASTS

Think of the machinations of the rock movie since '76 and get flooded by pallid urban images.

Surrogate punks crawling out from garish neon-lit basements trailing battered amps to parade a psychotic speed-crazed set they'd slung together in 25 minutes: a buzz-saw soundtrack that mirrored their surround. Three support slots later, they'd changed strings once, changed line-up twice, changed names at least four times, and were crawling out of another equally garish neon-lit coal cellar weilding yet another slab of songs from the swinging suburbs. Street life ...

Unlike any band you care to name, Beast don't live in the city, didn't like it much when they did, and wouldn't care to repeat the experience, thanks all the same. They hail from a remote farmhouse near a remote village remotely near Woodstock near Oxford. It's the kind of drowsy leaf-strewn burgh nestled lovingly in the crook of the undulating autumn treescape that gets made into posters and stuck on travel agency walls, the kind of weathered outpost in which jaded characters in silver plastic strides manhandling a jet-black ex-mobile murder investigation bus full of gear down its narrow lanes look like they've taken a wrong turn en route to Akron and will soon expire from lack of rootbeer and cheese quarter-pounders.

The air's so fresh and healthy around there you have to barricade the windows and smoke a whole pack of Weights before you dare get out of bed.

It's not uncommon in these parts for the local cowfolk to hear a sound rumbling out of this farmhouse and across the fields; a sound that - unbeknown to such rustic lugs -

is the ingenious and carefully refined synthesis of a whole decade of rock music. Strains of Bowie structure, echoes of Can, the clear-cut taut and mobile arrangements of a Steely Dan, the cohesion and melodies of a Doll by Doll, a rhythm chord axis drawn from early Stones, a slight funk injection, an abrasive metal cross-current from the cold-wave front and various splashes of keyboard colour from sources foreign to Planet Earth.

It's a sound that, when ferried to the stages of the London Club circuit, has somehow succeeded - with enviable consistency - in scything through the prejudices of every type of audience imaginable (and a few that weren't) with a vigorous fusion of dance rhythm, restrained technique and streamlined power drive.

Transparently, it's the sound of five people who've been cocooned (to their advantage) away from the rapid (and vapid) turnover of musical ideals and freeze-dried-add-water-and-stir instant contract viability, who've kept The Biz propped back at arms' length and allowed their music the time and space to mature.

You ought to hear the results.

Beast are Henry - decadent threads, bass; Simon - five-day shadow, drums; Rachel - organ (soon to be synth); Nick - voice, guitar modish '20s suit; and Alan, a man who - legend has it - was actually born clutching a Les Paul Custom and could play augmented modal ninths before he could walk. In fact even now he has trouble walking on occasions, but his vivacious guitar style has developed into being the band's (still partially unmined) gold reserve. Ignore it at your peril.





Seeds of the Beast myth were first sown back in '77 when Alan and Nick, under the influence of the various debilitating relaxants that underscored most logical thinking around that time, dreamed up a picture of "a space/jamming band that was basically quite dancable and would get you into parties". Adds Al: "The talk of the band went on long before it actually existed. Everyone talked about The Band - when The Band do this and if The Band do that. It was a cult before it even played."

Beast - drumroll! - ventured out of the farmhouse for the first of what now totals 130 live gigs, a debut that's as easy to forget as a tap on the head with a housebrick.

"It was at a DaDa show in Cowley," says Simon, visibly wincing at the memory. "We were all wrapped up in newspaper as we were meant to be part of an art exhibition. We were horribly drunk. Henry rode a 750 Honda up the aisle, Nick was patrolling the place with a gun - making sure the audience were behaving themselves and I was dressed up as a hunchback swinging from ropes on the ceiling and smashing up a Woolies' toy guitar. We started with this punk number, 'My Mother's On The Game Cos She Can't Afford The Rent' - just a horrific thrash - and the proprietors stopped the show."

From this somewhat auspicious start, they managed to weld together the whole mass of their different influences, most of which have survived in some form or other in the Beast of today. Pre-Beast, Al had weathered a spell with the near-legendary Southern boogie band, Ugly Rumours, dubbed *aficianados* "the poor man's Doobie Brothers", then took a shine to Germanic synthesiser outfits like Can and Amon Duul. Nick and Simon were raised on Beatles and fazed on Stones, Simon's audition for the band consisting of having to hit himself on the head with a tin tray in time to 'Mother Kelly's Doorstep' to determine "if he had rythm". He did, and passed, but had to lie down for a week. Rachel, a classically trained pianist (no less), "had never played any rock keyboards, in fact never listened to any rock music", before switching from Elgar to Eno without so much as breaking sweat. Henry had lent support to a nameless, formless, drummerless three-piece that filed under "total anarchy - completely avant-garde". He calls it: "Music with no rhythm, no structure, no melody and no harmony, the only vaguely tangible influence being Miles Davis" - a kind of hip easy listening for the deaf.

Thrashing around the local circuit, playing London whenever they could get a gig, they offloaded a lot of the set's covers - Tom Petty, Joe Walsh, JJ Cale - and substituted a few of their own, still retaining a vaguely psychedelic feel, a braver stand than most when face-to-face with the vitriolic butt-end of the bondage chic.

Despite its ever-increasing discipline and strictness of structure, the word 'expansive' leaps to mind when describing Beast's music; a word that also performs sterling service when brought to bear on Nick's lyric muse. Time was when he was preoccupied with the kind of normal emotional traumas that tend to plague everything from Man to Weevil ('The Weevil Song' has sadly been shown the door), but recently horizons seem to have broadened dramatically, aptly bolstered by a certain doomy quality that's filtered stealthily into the backline.

Simon: "There was certainly a lot of pressure on us to conform. One of the first things to be dropped was the funky-type numbers, like the Meters and Johnny 'Guitar' Watson. We thought we'd better drop those - although they're fun to play - as nobody really writes that sort of stuff anymore. We wanted to get a hard edge, and we figured a synthesiser would end up in the line-up at some stage.

"In a way, it was really a blessing not to be involved in a lot of what's going on in London as a lot of it appears to be very mediocre and very much the same. People seem to be slaves to the current fashion. We're just moving along at our own speed. A lot of bands do succumb to the pressure but it doesn't do any good in the long run. I think our music is evolving slowly but it's evolving really the way we want it to.

"I'd like to see more people in the '80s actually being more honest about what they like. I'd like to see them being less fashionable and actually enjoying more diverse types of music rather than just being totally tied to one style. You get some people who are so totally tied to one style they almost refuse to listen to anything else. Fashions just chasing its tail. It also must be really hard for the musicians; one minute they're up there, and the next they're out on their arses."

Nick expands: "The lyric quality is particularly pessimistic. I just haven't got the ability to feel something and then put it to paper, so the words are just an idea that's expanded and made into a comprehensible set of lyrics. The emotions expressed aren't direct - they're almost second-hand. It's all there in the gaps, in the way the whole song is pointed.

Rachel puts it thus: "A lot of our songs seem to be about the apocalypse these days."

"'Empire' is about the concept" (he cringes at the word) "of the fall of structures that are set up by generations, and whether the generation previous is responsible for the generation afterwards' mistakes. How much can we change what our parents have given us or are we bound just to carry on? My situation is that when I was young I really wanted to change things and I was very idealistic. Now, I still hold those ideals but I'm a bit more pessimistic - cynical, if you like - cynical in that I feel there's really not much you can do to change things.

"'Fallen Angels' is about the aftermath of a nuclear war. Pretty fashionable," he adds with a grin that suggests that's unusual.

"I don't think my lyrics are particularly philosophical," he shrugs. "They're just saying things without any ulterior heavy meanings, just painting pictures and letting people get their own meanings from them. The words are simply designed to colour the music."

Beast - along with about a million others - are still part of the Great Unsigned, and are plainly a more gilt-edged, long-term investment than, say, most of the mod acts still collecting five figure sums for their tenuous ability to wear narrow ties and tune at least three guitar strings correctly. An obvious stumbling block, too, is that they really need a certain input before they can properly deliver the output; they need the studio time (and thus the ackers) to be able to experiment with the kind of wide production their music so obviously demands.

Al cites the Bruce Woolley debut as an approximate yardstick. "If we can only approach the same sort of feel as that -



which is fairly grandiose but still has a hell of a lot of energy - that's the kind of sound we want. Really big and really well-produced and really textured and yet with all the drive still intact. It's music screaming out at you behind every bar, not just concentrating, say, on a voice for a second but backing it up all the time with synth lines that suddenly swell out for emphasis. I think we've got the ingredients, it's just a question of getting it in the studio. But I still don't think Bruce Woolley will do anything over here."

"We've wondered just how valid we are for this country," adds Simon, "just because of the state of things over here. We'd probably fare much better abroad."

Abroad being Europe and - more specifically - the States. One of the much-favoured off-shoots of the current Beast masterplan is to sign with an American company and then blow a modicum of their stupendous advance on shipping the farmhouse trans-Atlantic and then assembling it - brick-by-brick - in some picturesque outback of Colorado. Home from home, as they say.

Nick: "If we get anywhere with record companies it'll be because one person just likes the music for its own sake and likes us and likes what we do, and is prepared to put his money where his mouth is and look at us as a long-term prospect and not just a quick buck".

A rare breed, this animal. Want to stick a label on them? "PRIME. NON-PERISHABLE. OPEN OTHER END."

Mark Ellen



# THE AUSSIE INVASION!

Mental  
As  
Anything

Jo Jo Zep  
and the  
Falcons



Tip Right

rock radio stations in Sydney picked up on it and started playing it, nobody would book the band 'cos they thought we'd be too expensive, being on the radio and all! So we had to go to an agency to get live work. They told us we'd have to use a biggie P.A., get some lights, stop important room — it's where he eats, and there's this OTHER MAN, chatting up Greedy's girl —

"Should I care to stay or should I go? Someone tell me please 'cos I don't know. It's not a question of morality I just don't want him hitting me."

And hit you it does — right between the ears! More zany stories and tunes follow, with "INSURANCE MAN", a song inspired by the hassles the band had insuring their gear. Only one company would offer them cover, and that was on the condition that the band members took out life insurance policies, as well as paying up to insure the equipment!

For the future there's talk of the band coming over to play the Reading Festival in August — the size doesn't worry them, they've played open air gigs to 150,000 people back home. Till then, you've gotta get this album — if you're not humming at least three songs at the same time, after the first listen, go see your local ear specialist. He'll probably want to play it.

tuning up between every number and generally polish our act!"

They wrote a song about it — BUSINESS AND PLEASURE — which is a real gas and says a lot about the band. They are a laughing, looning, boozing good time band playing for your pleasure. They have two guitarists who share lead vocals, REG MOMBASSA and GREEDY SMITH on keyboards, harp and vocals. In Australia they have been opening for many of the top U.K. bands, including ROCK-PILE ("the best rock 'n' roll band I've ever seen live" — Greedy Smith). Many U.K. bands play the pub circuit there. The difference between their pub scene and our own is primarily one of size. Australian pubs look more like german beer halls, the big ones holding up to 3000 people. Greedy assured me the bands can make money playing the pub circuit, despite the huge distances you have to travel. You drive from Sydney to Adelaide which takes about 20 hours. Next stop, Perth, a further three days driving. It makes a U.K. tour sound like a Sunday drive-about!

Back with the album and you gotta hear Future T.V. Drama Series".

"All you T.V. producers, looking for a catchy theme,

Here's the one, it's gonna make you cream" and this tune has more ideas in it than most bands manage on an entire album.

Side 2 kicks off with Greedy Smith's 'ANOTHER MAN'S (SITTING IN MY KITCHEN)'. Now Greedy's kitchen is his most

"Sometimes I wonder what all these chemicals are doing to my brain Doesn't worry me enough to stop me from doing it again,

Wiping out braincells by the million but I don't care

It doesn't worry me even though I ain't got a lot to spare."

"THE NIPS ARE GETTING BIGGER", Side 1, Track 1, from MENTAL AS ANYTHING, also available as a single, and one of the best songs out this year. You haven't heard it? Try it once and you'll be humming it all week. MENTAL AS ANYTHING are Australian, but don't let that put you off, 'cos they're no bunch of Ockers — (the Australians' own name for their beer swilling, wife bashing, narrow minded fellows countrymen). MENTAL AS ANYTHING originally released the album down under on REGULAR RECORDS, but it has surfaced here through the ever broadening legs of VIRGIN.

The band started out fresh from art school 3 years ago, playing Catholic Youth Organisation dances and art school parties in Sydney. They were doing fine till they released their own E.P. GREEDY SMITH, keyboard player and Zig-zaggers in the picture: "We pressed 1200 copies of the E.P. (which includes 'THE NIPS ARE GETTING BIGGER') and after one of the

JO JO ZEP and the Falcons, an R&B based six piece band led by Maltese emigre Joe Camilleri are the newest contenders for recognition via the inevitable UK tour, a vinyl preview of which is currently on offer in the form of Rockburgh's compilation.

Formed in Melbourne in '76, The Falcons have recently broke through traditional OZ prejudices against indigenous bands with their latest album, "Screaming Targets" — a phenomenal success which according to Camilleri, has few Antipodean precedents.

"The problem here is that musical influences have always come through imported records. You can't go out and see reggae, or jazz, or anything remotely avant-garde — because there's not a market for it. Only rock and roll. It's very difficult to get off the ground if you're even a little 'left of centre' because there's just not enough people to warrant it. There are about 250 gigs in Australia, and it just becomes a question of how many times you're prepared to go around them. Normally, what happens is that a band figures they've done enough here, and they say 'Let's go to England, and play a few gigs' — where, inevitably, they bust up. Like The Saints and Radio Birdman."

"Screaming Targets" has sold something like 40,000 copies in Australia — double gold status, and yet, as Camilleri recognises, "really nothing".

"Normally, with that kind of success, you make a name but very little else. From Australian success, the only thing you can do automatically is 'break' Tasmania and New Zealand — if you're lucky! You don't get nothing on record sales. At the moment, though, we are making money because we're so well known — in spite of the phenomenal cost of travelling. Like, we've just come back from Cairns, Queensland — which is 2,000 miles. By truck! Apart from the gigs we arrange, though, there are the agency gigs — supporting the big English supporting bands. We've played with Parker and Costello, and held our own. We make something like 15,000 dollars a week and they call us a pub band!"

Camilleri cites the Stones, Otis Redding and reggae as major influences, admitting to modelling some aspects of his intense vocal on Inner Circle's Jacob Miller — also to the fact that some of his recent songs are "a bit Parkerish".

"People here have even called one of my songs an Elvis Costello rip-off — you can't get away with anything in Australia, mate, I tell you. But our producer, Peter Solley (itinerant Stiff technician, ex-Procól Harum keyboardist) has recognised in us something which he calls 'an Australian sound'."

Currently enjoying a substantial "buzz" from the information that Elvis Costello has picked up on his lost classic "So Young" (already eulogised here as "Cars meet Australian reggae"), has already performed it live, and plans to record it, Camilleri, who also incidentally plays sax (describing himself as "more of a saxophone holder than a saxophone player") acknowledges that breaking out of Australia is not going to be easy — even from just an image point of view.

"If it wasn't for our guitarist, Tony Faehse — who used to play with Alvin Stardust in England, you know — I think we'd be the ugliest band in the world. But I'm looking forward to trying to break other places.

"Australia may be the last frontier, but at least I've proved one thing to myself. If you hang around long enough, you get a turn . . ."

Nigel Burnham



THE HEAT, who have recently completed a 20 date club tour of England, are safely back home in New York City. The ripples and waves those four guys created during that hazy, crazy twenty-five day stint won't be forgotten by any of you who were lucky enough to see them, from Middlesbrough to the Marquee.

Guitarist Tally Talioferro, has two songs on the as yet unreleased "Live at CBGB's (Volume 2)", from the days when he was in The Planets. One irate white manager threw Tally out of The Planets when a record deal with Warners fell through at the last moment . . . "He's black. Let me get rid of him."

Over to Dwytt, lead singer with The Heat. How had he met Tally? "I watched Tally gigging — he was like one of the first black dudes playing rock 'n' roll in the city that I admired. I was like a Planet groupie! I was checking out the black guys in New York who were playing rock 'n' roll to get a band together, and one day I saw Tally sitting on the kerb, his head down and looking all sad. He told me The Planets had split."

Everybody in the band started out playing different instruments to what they do now. Dwytt was a drummer, Tally was a singer and Jeff Li a guitarist. All, that is except (Mr.) Jeff Formosa, who's been drumming since the first day he found something to hit. Dwytt and Tally went down to Chinatown to recruit the "very oriental" Jeff Li to play bass. Three or four drummers later, Jeff Formosa, at the time playing for a number of bands, and making his demands, was approached by Dwytt and Tally.

Jeff Formosa: I asked them what they had to offer me!

Dwytt: Yeah, right. He was going 'Well what have you guys got that I need?' and Tally and I are like bull-shitting away . . . 'Hey man, we've got a tour of England and gigs in the city, record companies tripping over their wallets trying to sign us, do do do da doo doo . . .'

Tally: And Formosa didn't fall for a word of it. He just joined the band.

Three weeks after Formosa joined, they recorded a demo, on the strength of which they released a single on Hot Stuff records, available in England on Rap Records. That was way back in mid-'79. It was after hearing this single and watching the band play just one gig that The Records manager, Peter Scarbrow signed up The Heat. That was the most significant break the band have had to date.

Tally: I think it takes at least two years for a band to begin to get happenin' unless they are well funded.

Dwytt: To me a quid spins like a buck!

**"We are all bitches in our own right"**

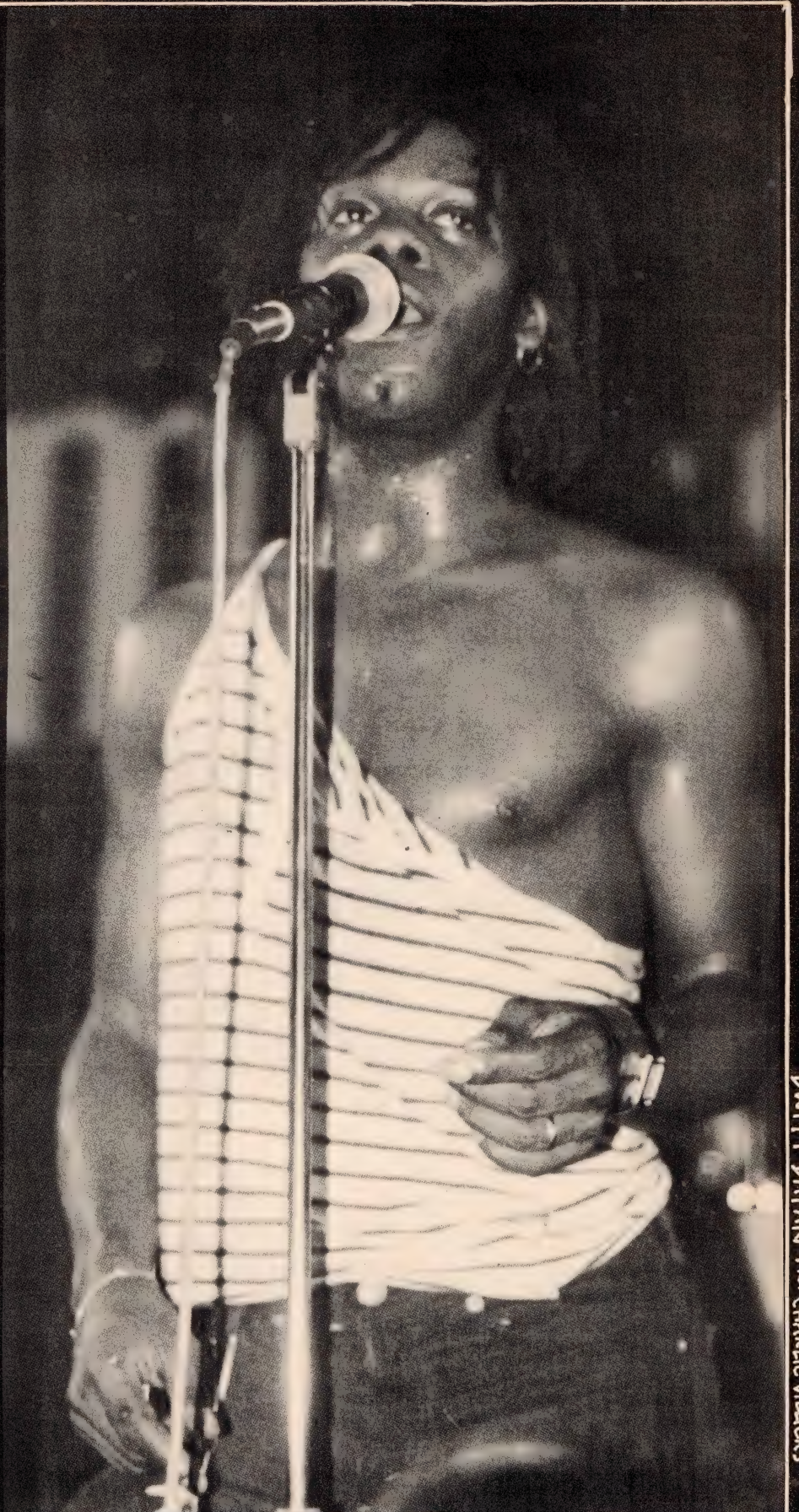
Dwytt: When four bitches hook up at the same time, they don't like each other because they see themselves.

Tally: Outside the band we probably wouldn't talk to each other.

Dwytt: We don't! Every now and again Tally and I might hook up to cop a smoke or something, and Jeff Li and I might go to the movies, but other than that we only meet when we have to.

Jeff F: The situation I try hardest to avoid is eating with Dwytt — he has such abominable eating habits. He's just an animal — I have a theory that he was raised in the jungle!

Dwytt: You see! That's why we really don't appreciate each other. I have savage eating habits, and he eats most of it! You think we're joking — we hate each other.



DWYTT DAYAN · PIC: CHARLIE VILERS

# BEAT OF THE HEAT



**"The streets of New York City"**

## The Heat hit London

Jeff F: Having waved goodbye to the band, I called up the State Security Dept. This guy there had a big name — it scared me to call him! I was amazed by the action I got — they got a photographer in, rushed a visa through, the

Jeff F: We just glued it back together!

**The Heat — Live**

The band's British press had, to this point, been one well meant but nevertheless totally misguided review in *Sounds*. Monday night, it's raining and we're going down The Marquee. The gear's set up and it's sound check time. The band have visited the club before and know their way around. They get Formosa's drums sounding good and the band's just getting in tune. I have only heard the single plus a couple of excellent demos, but as the band work their way into a warm-up, the room starts to whirl a little — this band have stage presence. A few early giggers leave the bar to take a quick look / listen. Everybody's happy and it's off to the pub to kill three hours

**Charlie Villiers**

DON'T DELAY! SEND FOR YOUR **FREE CATALOGUE NOW!**  
PRINT YOUR NAME + ADDRESS CLEARLY + SEND TO:-  
**FRANTIC MAIL ORDER CO., DEPT. ZZ17, ANDERSON  
RD., WARLEY, WEST MIDLANDS, B66 4BB...**



THE back seat of a Cortina Mark 2 is not the best place to interview an up and coming young singer, especially when he's 6ft. 4in., you're 5ft. 11in. and his girlfriend is eating rather strong pickled gherkins, but James Vane didn't seem to mind. He's all for individuality.

He's got a lot going for him at the moment; his single, "Judy's Gone Down", which Mike Oldfield produced, has received quite a lot of airplay from Capitol Radio and a couple of other stations even though it hasn't been released yet.

People are comparing him to Bowie in talent and style: "I think obviously Bowie's going to influence me, he's influenced just about every band that is in to the same sort of stuff as I am whether they admit it or not. Bands like Magazine, Ultravox, Tubeway Army, Human League and Kraftwerk. I feel that that's the age group that was into Bowie when he came about. He's my biggest hero, on a par with David Bellamy the botanist. Even so, I'm an individual."

James left school at 16 and studied hairdressing at Braintree and Colchester colleges in Essex, then worked at a hairdressers, Silhouette du Barry, in his home town Chelmsford: "I swept up and made coffee for ladies. I stayed with them for three years, getting £20 per week, then left. I found it hard dealing with posh women, having to be their servant.

I still do my own hair. It's a mousy brown colour naturally, I last saw it when I was 14 . . . it's probably grey by now. It's been through every shade between blonde and black including every shade of red and brown." He recently dyed it from black to orange and brown.

It was during his hairdressing days that James got his first band, Void: "We did covers of old established stuff like 'Jailhouse Rock', 'Born To Be Wild' and a few Led Zeppelin numbers.

"The next band I got into was the Straight. They were advertised as an R&B come punk band. I wasn't keen on the music though, I wanted something with an image — then the Gents came along. I joined them as a vocalist through a friend of the band's. They were more power pop. We cut a single at a studio at Ipswich, mainly for publicity purposes, taking it around the record companies. We were together for about nine months, then I got into punk."

James then met Mick Dabrowski and they decided to form a band but couldn't find suitable musicians: "We didn't have much to offer them, Mick, myself and an electric piano." They formed a songwriting partnership and then Mick joined a band called Solid Waste (now Street Bazaar). "Their manager introduced me to a chap who thought I'd fit a certain part in a film called Modern Horror, they were looking for a punky sort of person and asked me to send them some photos. Anyway, I brought this Polaroid camera, spent about twenty quid on the bloody thing, took a load of photos and sent them off. Then they wanted a recording of my singing. My manager got me into a studio and we recorded 'Judy's Gone Down' which was written by Colin Goldring of the Pork Dukes. We sent it off to the company, heard nothing and forgot about it. Then my manager phoned me and said that Mike Oldfield wanted to produce it, could we go to his house / recording studio in Gloucester. At that time it was me, Mick and session musicians.

"We don't want anything else to do with Mike Oldfield whatsoever, I don't like him, he charged us a ridiculous amount to



# JAMES VANE

record that single, two and a half to three thousand pounds. It cost us the first of the whole single advance to pay him off. Someone like Gary Numan can record an album for about £300, and it's probably a better production."

James feels that the actual single isn't as good as the original recording. It took them three days to record the A and B side ("Jung Lovers", written by James and Mick), then Terry Oldfield, Mick's brother, took it around the record companies. A

week later they heard that Island Records wanted to release it as a single: "Out of the companies interested, Island made the best offers; three singles and an album with options on further albums."

James's girlfriend Esther, the attractive blonde sister of Eugene Reynolds and Robo Rhythm of the Revillos, does the backing vocals on the single but there are no plans to include her in future projects: "We're



**VANE**

## Paula Graham

Toyah

# from SAFARI

1885

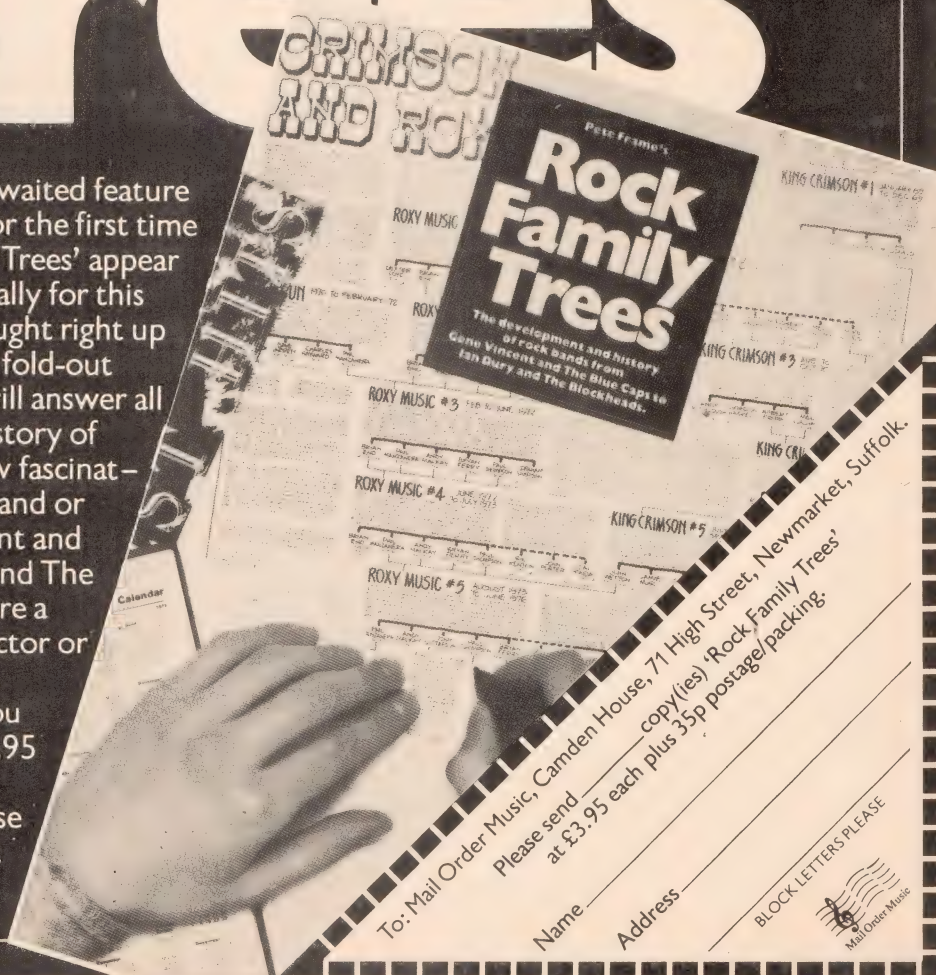
46



# Pete Frame's Rock Family Trees

First  
time  
in book  
form

For years the most eagerly awaited feature in the music press. Now – for the first time – Pete Frame's 'Rock Family Trees' appear in book form. Drawn especially for this edition, they have been brought right up to date and printed on giant fold-out pages. 'Rock Family Trees' will answer all your questions about the history of rock 'n' roll. And they throw fascinating light on practically any band or performer from Gene Vincent and The Blue Caps to Ian Dury and The Blockheads. Whether you are a rock journalist, record collector or just love rock 'n' roll, 'Rock Family Trees' is one book you must have. Order today. £3.95 plus 35p post/packing. Mail Order Music, Camden House 71 High Street, Newmarket Suffolk.



To: Mail Order Music, Camden House, 71 High Street, Newmarket, Suffolk.

Please send  
at £3.95 each plus 35p postage/packing:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

Mail Order Music



**PRIESTLEY'S  
T-SHIRTS  
36, BOOTHAM  
YORK  
0904-23114**

**TITLE**

Priestley's Boy.  
Sex Pistols (logo, red print on yellow shirt)  
Sex Pistols (God Save the Queen, single cover pic.)  
Sex Pistols (Coast the Innocent, single cover photo.)  
Public Image (Wild with my Chopper, Photo)  
Cash Purses (99% is Shit, photo)  
Sid (wearing Sex Cowboys shirt, photo)  
Sid and Nancy (photo)  
Johnny Rotten (photo)  
The Clash (White Man single/gun pic.)  
The Clash (posed photo)  
The Clash (on stage photo)  
Mick Jones (portrait photo)  
Throbbing Gristle (Gary Gilmore Memorial Society photo)  
Suicide (first album cover)  
Ultravox (pic and logo)  
Angelic Upstarts (Liddle pic. and logo)  
ATV (Vibing Up The Senile Man, logo and bird.)  
999 (ticket logo)  
X-Ray Spex (2 colour logo.)  
UK Subs (multi colour logo.)  
The Undertones ('79 Tour shirt.)  
The Undertones (You've Got My Number, logo.)  
Siouxsie (leaning photo.)  
Siouxsie (portrait pic.)  
Adam Ant (stage photo.)  
Billy Idol (leathers photo.)  
Billy Idol (stage photo.)  
Ian Dury (stage photo.)  
The Skids (Into the Valley, single cover pic.)  
Stiff Little Fingers (fingers design)  
Stiff Little Fingers (inflammable material.)  
Stiff Little Fingers (Guns for Sale.)  
Wire (pic. and logo.)  
XTC (pic. and logo.)  
TRB (flat logo.)  
Pretenders (logo.)  
Gang of Four (logo.)  
Gang of Four (photo.)  
Pere Ubu (modern dance pic.)  
Devo (Are We Not Men, single photo.)  
Patti Smith (Set Me Free pic. and logo.)  
Patti Smith  
B52's (pic and logo, album cover.)  
The Only Ones (Rose logo.)  
The Only Ones (Even Serpents Shine pic. and logo.)  
The Only Ones (photo.)  
Fashion (pic. and logo.)  
Ramones (Ramones Rocket to Russia pic. and logo.)  
Bob Marley (burnin' pic.)  
Peter Tosh (portrait photo.)  
Magazine (On the Move, Round Your Body pic. and logo.)  
Bill Nelson's Red Noise (pic. and logo.)  
Semtex (single cover pic.)  
Lonesome 'n' More (group logo.)  
The Tronics (photo and logo.)  
The Who (Max r&b logo.)  
The Specials (Gangster Standing pic. with logo.)  
Madness (Gangster Running pic. with logo.)  
The Selecter (Gangster With Radio pic. with logo.)  
AKA (check design with logo.)  
Secret Affair (keyhole design with logo.)  
The Jam (pic. with logo.)  
Police (Outlando's photo with logo.)  
Scooter Photo (Brighton Mode on Parade.)  
Scooter Photo (Battersea Power Station, Quadrophonia)  
Scooter Photo (Crashed Scooter, Quadrophonia.)  
Mod Target (three rings, red and blue)  
Horizontal Stripes (three)  
Multicolour squares  
Faust Tapes (interference pattern)  
Bullet Holes (red and black)  
Subway Photo (Quadrophonia.)  
Margate Pier (photo, Quadrophonia.)  
David Bowie (collage of pic. a)  
David Bowie (low cover, two colours.)  
Iggy Pop (metallic K.O. photo and logo.)  
Iggy Pop (topless stage photo.)  
Gary Numan (inner sleeve photo, Itellica's)  
Eso (Before and After Science, pic. and logo.)  
New York Dolls (photo.)  
New York Dolls (photo 2.)  
Johnny Thunders (photo)  
Lou Reed (Transformer album cover.)  
Lou Reed (Street Hassle 12" single pic.)  
Talking Heads (photo.)  
Hearbreakers (bullet wounds photo.)  
Bruce Springsteen (pic. and logo.)  
Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark (single cover logo.)  
Motorhead (1st 12" single pic.)  
Thin Lizzy (Bad Reputation album pic.)  
Wilko Johnson (Solid Sender pic.)  
Frisco Leather (Sam's Back pic.)  
Frisco Leather (Master)  
Frisco Leather (Slave)  
Humphrey Bogart (photo)  
James Dean (Rebel photo)  
Garbo.

ADULT T-SHIRTS £3.50 Quality Cotton  
ADULT SWEATSHIRTS  
£7.50 American Guarantee  
CHILDREN'S T-SHIRTS  
£2.50 Sizes 22", 26", 30"

ADULT SIZES S.M.L.

★BAND/TRADE/TOUR  
ENQUIRIES WELCOME

★SEND S.A.E. FOR  
PRINT-TO-ORDER DETAILS

★CHEQUES/P.O.'s TO:

**Priestley's  
T-SHIRTS (Dept. ZZ)  
36, BOOTHAM  
YORK  
0904-23114**

POSTAGE/PACKING—FREE  
IN UK. O'SEAS—50p per order

PEOPLE who are in any way aware will probably have noticed an emergence of another wave, i'll call it the deutsche welle. it started with the group deutsch-americanische-freundschaft (now on ear-com 3), their first lp was imported into england. with it came a single from materialschacht and an ep from the plan. it was an ep that made me finally realise that german new music had arrived. if you see it check it out. i spoke to two members of plan in dusseldorf recently, at their art attack headquarters. present were moritz rrr and pyrolator.

moritz: shall we speak english for zigzag?

zigzag: if you can, if not use your own language.

m: you wanna speak english, pyrolator?

pyrolator: you speak english and i'll stick to german ok?

z: tell me how you moritz and frank (frank f being the other plan member) got into music.

m: we had started a gallery in wuppertal, and when punk first came over to germany it changed our outlook on music, before we had only listened to jazz. we changed our concept for the gallery and tried to find painters and graphic designers for the new wave. frank and i started with a cheap organ, we were known as the karmann ghias (a vw car of a few years ago). we then met jurgen kramer who publishes the new wave magazine the '80s, who was a very important guy for the

drummer and synthesiser player with d.a.f.) who were staying here at the time. frank had this little dictation machine and we just played live and recorded everything. after listening to the tape we decided to cut an ep, we edited the best parts on to a reel to reel recorder, and that was it.

p: it was funny because the dictation machine was running slow sometimes. it sounds really strange.

m: yeah, the tape recorder became our fifth member!

robbie and chris (gogo girl and pkz 161156 on the record) went to england with d.a.f. and i went to the states.

later pyrolator moved to dusseldorf, brought his equipment here and became a planner.

z: perhaps pyrolator you could tell us his background so we have the whole picture?

p: i started with music when i was 11 or 12, playing the accordion, i moved to organ and finally piano, so my background is very different to frank and moritz.

m: we are not musicians!

p: i started in a rock group, but moved over to jazz. but i soon realised that nothing new was happening in jazz, it was either ice-cold, clean jazz-rock or the same old trips from the past. and so i started listening to different music. that brought me to the residents, and that was another world. i was suddenly hearing this amazing music from the residents, chrome and the normal.

## GERMANY CALLING



german scene. we joined his group "welt end" (world's end) and we did one gig together with the old d.a.f. formation "you". another gig was planned in gelsenkirchen but some punks came and destroyed everything in sight and the police wouldn't let us play.

frank and i decided to form our own group. this was in winter '78. we had ideas not just for music, but also art, communications, etc., a multi media thing. the group was called "welt aufstands plan", which means "world rebellions plan" or something like that. we played in hamburg, but the punks didn't like us, because the couldn't pogo! our live gigs have never been successful, some people get into it, but the majority couldn't relate to it. so we now prefer to make records and to work with the tape recorder.

we had a third member called kai, who played bass and was very fresh. we played two gigs using film and slides, and we shortened our name to "der plan", because the old name was too limited, we thought plan was better. it's the same in three languages, and it's an ability we humans have, to make plans. animals don't, they react to situations. a lot of people are like this, they follow others. we saw only one solution, people had to have a plan, a concept. we were influenced by a book by cooper and laing, vernunft und gewalt which spoke of the plan.

then kai moved on to other things. we started playing with robbie and chris (the

m: the normal was (were) an important group for all of us.

p: then i got together with the guys who are now d.a.f. there were many problems with d.a.f. we were all living together and we would always be talking, discussing and coming to different decisions, each one worse than the last. we restricted each other. although we played some good gigs. we should have played in gelsenkirchen, but a pogo band kfc played so loud that the police stopped the gig. we were stood in the wings with our instruments, and after all the long preparations couldn't play. frustrating. our first gig was at the rater hof in dusseldorf. we'd been rehearsing very hard, and we played a great gig, although i think it was too well rehearsed, there was no room for improvisation. we played in hamburg to alfred hilsberg's "into the future" gig. we had to watch out for our instruments, nine to ten groups played that night. it was so hectic. i had all the synth settings written out for each number, but one of the punks at the front snatched those straight away. i played that gig from memory.

m: in hamburg they're hard, blunt, still hearing the three chord merchants. 1234 alles schiesse, you know the type.

z: and in dusseldorf?

m (laughs): oh we are chic, there are no punks here. none of the music we enjoyed could be called punk, wire, pere ubu and residents.





## MOD HITS GERMANY!

(PIX: AR/GEE GLEIM)

p: in hamburg gabi (singer from d.a.f.) really put the punks in their place. he said "hamburg what is this? 1,000 hippies and the rest pseudo punks." they listened to us after that.

m: dusseldorf is not like hamburg or berlin, we have the german scene, artists, galleries, communications. it's like the german california.

p: with d.a.f. we tried to get a record contract. we went to teldec. and after one meeting i realised i didn't want anything to do with these people. they sold music like a washing powder, another product. i think at this moment i knew that this was the end of my time with d.a.f. the others wanted to go to england and try to get into the business, whereas i decided to go it alone, press the records, distribute them, with no responsibility to anyone. before that we had recorded an instrumental lp in one of our bedrooms, 19 cuts selected from many we had played and improvised together. i paid for the album with a bank loan, using my car as security! it was a mutual decision on both sides, that d.a.f. and i went our separate ways.

i started to get the pyrolator lp together, working with three different concepts. the first was simple minimal music, then i tried using rhythm, and lastly improvisation. and the record conveys these three moods. i like to think the lp is a soundtrack for my everyday life, muzak. to be heard in the car, in shops, on elevators, in trains, etc.

z: how did you record it?

p: well, i had one synthesiser, a small organ and an e-piano and i recorded them one after the other using the playback facility, with two tape machines. the sound quality is good but not great using this method.

z: but that means you couldn't mix the tapes?

p: only at the time of recording, or afterwards using an equaliser to take some frequencies out. the only mistake i made is to hear the final mix on monitor speakers, and of course not everyone has those at home. anyway, i took a lot of the bass out, and now when i hear it on the car cassette player i miss the bass. i then joined plan.

z: and that brings us back to stage one.

p: yeah, although i still plan (ho ho) to

carry on with my solo work. i'm working on a project with a drummer who also plays vibraphone, and i'd like an opera singer to complete the lineup. a mezzo soprano would be nice!

z: now the plan. what plans do plan plan (it's catching, innit?) how did the plan ep sell?

m: we've got about 200 left, but it has paid for itself. it's not a good example of plan's present ideas. it was just a one off. the lp we are doing now will be quite different.

p: we hope to have it finished by march.

m: it won't be just dance music or serious music, we want to make the people question themselves, their surroundings. they must become a little schizophrenic, in the sense that they can look at other people, but also at themselves to see how they relate to the world. we're trying to make an lp that will make people think positively, most people have the attitude things are going to happen anyway, so let them happen, but without doing anything to shape the way things are, or are going to be. we are optimistic. people blame technology for the state of the world, but these breakthroughs can only help. we must change our own attitudes to them.

z: it must be frustrating that you can only sell 1,000 records. the message isn't getting across.

m: it's going to take time, but it's important to carry on. it's not difficult to make an "in" record, that could make a lot of money. but we're not interested in that. we earn our money from other means. an example are the members of d.a.f., apart from chris, who don't want to work. they are reliant on their music to make a living, they are under pressure, and that's when you start to compromise. the music is fun, not work. it's enough that the last record pays for the next. our only criteria is that we stay unique and interesting because such products have no competition. and the "alternative" method of releasing records is the only way to have complete control.

z: how would you describe plan's music to the millions of zigzag readers?

m and p: geri-reig!

z: huh?

m: geri-reig. i have a definition here from sharon of san jose: geri-reig — making the most of the least, using your wits to complete something with no tools, hastily throwing something together. you get the idea, nothing is needed to do geri-reig other than your mind. an empty room can produce geri-reig if you use your ingenuity.

z: and that's the title of the lp?

m: it's music similar to the normal, simple electronic. i think simplicity is the essence of artistic product, and we are a primitive, modern group, dancing round the fire to electronic music!

z: and the last word?

m and p: wir haben uns diese welt nicht ausgedacht!

i'll leave you to translate that, because i don't want to make it too easy for you. so that was plan. i've written a lot because they've a lot to say. they are part of a scene in and around dusseldorf that includes syph, male, d.a.f., and new groups fehl farben, tranen invasion, and the anglo-german surplus stock, who are bringing the music to the 'eighties, while the german multis shake their heads and tell us all it'll never sell, but it will, won't it?

the records mentioned are available from the usual dealers, if not, contact art attack, furstenwall 64, 4000 dusseldorf, west germany. and tell them i sent you.

robert giddens



# ZIGZAG OFFERS ZIGZAG OFFERS ZIGZAG OFFERS ZIGZAG OFFERS



## AMAZING DEBBIE HARRY POSTERS ZIGZAG

Has commissioned our cover artist to produce Feb. issue No. 98. Cover as a giant screen print poster by Bryan Maloney (watchout Andy Warhol).

So if you're into listening to Blondie and want something beautiful to look at rush your order to: Mike, ZIGZAG Posters, 118 Talbot Road, London W.11. Send £2.00 + 50p p+p U.K., Overseas add 50p p+p.

## ZIG ZAG

### — T-SHIRT —

Our logo printed in silver on good quality black T-shirts

**£2.50**

+ 40p P&P

State size: S/M/L

Cheque/PO to:

**ZIG ZAG (T-SHIRTS)  
118 TALBOT ROAD  
W11**

### THE BOYS ARE BACK IN TOWN

Casino Steel, Norwegian keyboard player with the Boys has had his passport held by Norwegian authorities due to unpaid back taxes. The Boys, sans Casino, are playing a benefit at the Marquee, Waldour St, April 26th to help pay his tax debts and get him back with the group. As a charity it surely beats a Policemen's Ball.

### TOYAH AT THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM

A real occasion. Her biggest venue yet. Last date in a two month tour. Little Toyah Wilcox back in the big smoke. And a mass of Zig Zag staff joined the punters up in Camden (you see we do actually follow our featured artists from issue to issue) to check out how the U.K. trek came home.

Comfortably full, the Electric Ballroom got the works from the off. Toyah still has just this *terrific presence* — but now she uses that extra space, she projects, the power glows through voice and motion. She relishes it. The continuous echo on her voice isn't needed any more — she is mastering her medium.

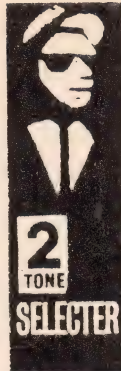
Now she is being backed up tightly too. The road has done wonders for the band — bass/drums provide a dancing rhythm power house while keyboards and guitar play those swirling heady games with Toyah's voice. It all came together — and we had a lot of fun.

Two days off and Toyah bounces straight into the studio to put down a new album. Same production team, same personnel — only now a mature and experienced outfit. We're looking forward to the results.

Chris North

## OFFICIAL TOUR TIES

Available on tour or direct from  
Apollo



All ties black or red with white print  
**£1.75 + 25p (p&p)**  
Top 10 maximum straight

### TIES

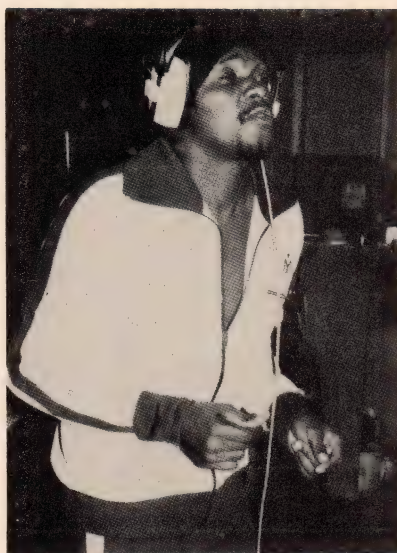
- |    |          |                    |
|----|----------|--------------------|
| 1  | MADNESS  | ..... (pic + logo) |
| 2  | JAM      | ..... (logo)       |
| 3  | SPECIALS | ..... (pic + logo) |
| 4  | POLICE   | ..... (logo)       |
| 5  | 2-TONE   | ..... (pic + logo) |
| 6  | SKA      | ..... (pic + logo) |
| 7  | BOWIE    | ..... (pic + logo) |
| 8  | PISS OFF | ..... (logo)       |
| 9  | CLASH    | ..... (logo)       |
| 10 | SELECTER | ..... (pic + logo) |



BUBBLING UNDER  
MODS—LABRETTAS  
Send Postal Order/Cash/Cheque to

**APOLLO (Z)  
TOUR MARKETING  
BASEMENT STUDIO  
33 NORTON ROAD  
HOVE  
SUSSEX BN3 3BF**

(Trade & Group enquiries welcome)



J. J. SPARKS, (PRINCE BUSTER'S COUSIN) has just arrived in England from Jamaica to organise a British tour, following his hit single entitled "I WANT TO MAKE LOVE TO YOU", taken off his album to be released on Friday May 2nd. entitled "I AM DREAMING". J. J. SPARKS has just signed to Traction Music. For details phone: 839 3143.

### Other bands signed to Traction Music:

1. Icarus
2. Abbashanti
3. Vin Gordon (Don Drummond Junior)
4. Tribesman
5. Amba
6. Blackstones

and many other artists from France, Jamaica, U.S.A.

## OLD ZIGZAGS

IMPRESS YOUR FRIENDS WITH YOUR COLLECTION OF PRICELESS OLD ZIGZAGS WE FOUND SOME RARE ONES IN THE BASEMENT TOO! DON'T DELAY SEND NOW TO OLD ZIGZAGS, 118 TALBOT ROAD, LONDON W11- POSTAGE 15p, 10p EACH EXTRA COPY (CHQS/POs TO ZIGZAGS) (PLEASE STATE ALTERNATIVES)

### RARE (1 EACH)

- 27 FREE MONTY PYTHON DISC: KINKS  
28 LED ZEP. KIM FOWLEY. BYRDS  
29 CAPTAIN BEEFHEART. BYRDS

### Q. RARE (1 SPEACH)

- 33 ROBERT FRIPP. ROBERT PLANT. BOZ  
31 ~~SOLD OUT~~ TOFF GREN  
39 MICHAEL NESMITH. RALPH MTELL

- 44 (TIM BUCKLEY. BOC) 45 (BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN, DEAD) 46 (RON WOOD)  
47 (KEITH RICHARD) 48 (N. YOUNG, A. LEE)  
49 (RAY DAVIES) 50 (NICO. L. FEAT)  
51 (FEELGOODS. IAN HUNTER F. TREE)  
52 (LOU REED COVER) 53 (GENESIS!)  
73. SEX PISTOLS JUBILEE ISH (JUNE '77)  
71. BANNED BY THE SUN! - CHERRY VANILLA  
THE CLASH. HEARTBREAKERS. W. COUNTY  
80. BOWIE COVER. ENO. SITS. BEEFHEART  
81. BLONDIE COVER. FALL. RAMONES. NYC  
85. SIOUXSIE " CLASH. DOLL BY DOLL

### DESIRABLE (50p EACH)

- 54 (STEVIE NILLIS) 55 (RUNDGREN, WALSH)  
56 (EMMYLOU) 57 (VDGRAAF. FEELGOODS)  
58 (BOC DYLAN. NICK KENT INT.) 59 (10cc  
GRAM PARSONS) 60 (LOFGREN, GP)  
61 (FEELGOODS, PROCOL) 62 (TOM WAITS)  
63 (FLAMIN' GROOVIES. IAN HUNTER)  
65 (RAMONES, BEACH BOYS) 66 (JEFFERS  
STRANGLERS) 67 ( ) 68 (1st OVER THE  
TOP SUPP. PATTI SMITH, OTWAY + GP)  
69 (KEEF TRIAL) 70 (1966 QUIZ) 72 (L. KAYE)  
74 (HERRERA. KAYE. DAVIES. GUN. X. TAY)  
78 JAGGER. MCS. RICHMAN. TRB. R. STARS  
79 RUNAWAYS STRP. CLASH. JAM. ATV  
82 SMALL LABELS CAT. BLONDIE. DEVO. WIRE  
83 PATTI SMITH. PISTOLS. GEN X. AVENGERS  
84 FLAMIN' GROOVIES. PENETRATION. NICK  
86 STEEL PULSE. SPEX. REZILLOS. OTWAY  
87 BUZZCOCKS. BLONDIE. CULTURE. STONES  
88 RAMONES. BLONDIE. PATTI. XTC. NORMAL  
89 SMALL LABEL CAT. 2. JOHNNY THUNDERS  
90 PIL. SIOUXSIE. CLASH. ULTRAVOX!  
91 IAN DURY. THE JAM. NYC. MAT. MBI  
92 DOLL BY DOLL. VIC GODDARD. DOORS  
93 10th BIRTHDAY ISH! SLITS. CLASH. SCARS  
94 ONLY ONES. HUNTER. BUZZCOCKS.  
95 PARTY SPECIAL! POL. + P. FURS. CRAMPS  
96 COME BACK ISH - CLASH. PIL. DAMNED  
M. FAITHFULL  
97 MOTORHEAD. ELLEN POLEY. 1970s  
98 BLONDIE. 2-TONE. S. MAPS. DARK.



# DISNEYLAND EXPLODED

OVER the past twelve months or so the national music press (principally Dave MacCullough) has painted a charming picture of the Liverpool music scene. Apparently the home of the Beatles has now become host to a wealth of charmingly idiosyncratic new-pop bands with funny names and funnier clothes who move in a loose and ever-shifting circle of friendship around the twin Meccas of Eric's and Zoo Records. Sorry to disillusion you, but quite simply they've all got it horribly wrong. This is a purely personal insider's overview of the Liverpool scene as it really is; but I promise you that my views are shared by the vast majority of musicians and associates up here. As to the fans — their attitudes may also become clear in the course of this piece.

When the New Wave swept the country in 1976 it hit Liverpool at a slightly different angle to everywhere else. Instead of forming hundreds of lousy bands and scores of short-lived record labels the city's youth formed itself into two factions. The hard-core punks spent their time at the un-celebrated Swingin' Apple while the less committed gravitated towards the much-celebrated Eric's, and both groups got down to the serious business of Being Hip. This ever-popular pastime never changes, it just wears different clothes — and boy, were they ever different!

Although it's a shame to kick the man when he's down (Eric's will very probably be closing in September due to licensing problems) Roger Eagle's brainchild has long since passed its peak. The problem was that unlike the corresponding clubs which sprang up all over the country at the same time Eric's was never a centre for local talent, just the city's major tour venue. The reason for this was that nearly everyone was too busy posing to see the whole point of the explosion and by the time the instruments were finally shouldered en masse Liverpool had damn near missed it all. I may be wrong but I think honourable exceptions were limited to three: The Spitfire Boys, who spawned the legendary Budgie; The Accelerators, dogged no-hopers who must hold the world record for being the last '76 punk band to get a record out — only three years too late; and of course Big In Japan.

The latter, for all their good points, were a blueprint for the whole fiasco that is now the 'Hip Scene' here. Formed by friends and relations of Deaf School who, to put it kindly, put effect before talent in their musicianship, they released a single within weeks of their first unrehearsed appearance and spent the rest of their career living it down. This reversal of normal practise was to become almost standard in Liverpool, but more of that later.

The revoltingly smug clique which developed around Eric's and B.I.J. even-

tually produced its own private explosion of bands, characterised by the Cult of the Individual and a predominance of form over content which is the very antithesis of all that was good about the New Wave. These factors led to constant line-up and name changes (not necessarily a bad thing) which inevitably slowed down the progress of any particular bands. The next phase was fired by the splintering of B.I.J. into several new bands and a record label — which brings us neatly to the Zoo.

The popular music press vision of Zoo Records as the homey centre of Liverpool's Disneyland universe is a view shared in Liverpool only by that company's owners and employees. Formed by Bill Drummond and Dave Balfe (naturally, of Big In Japan) to release that band's farewell e.p., Zoo didn't take long to establish itself as a serious proposition with the potential to give the struggling local "industry" a vital link with a nation which, not surprisingly, had forgotten it. When singles by The Teardrop Explodes and Echo and the Bunnymen got rave reviews in the weeklies, things looked good.

Look a bit closer and you find that these bands were chosen not because they had proven themselves as the best and most popular of the crop of new bands, but because the former rehearsed in Mr. Drummond's basement and the latter were mates of theirs. By the time they recorded their respective singles they had notched up considerably less than ten live appearances between them. Subsequently the owners of Zoo recorded their own single, added the breathy vocals of one of the female members of the Eric's clique and had a brief entry into the national charts with Lori and the Chameleons' 'Touch'. Of course you can argue that such magical records as the latter and Teardrop's first single totally vindicate Zoo's approach and that by putting up the money Messrs. Drummond and Balfe entitle themselves to do just as they wish, and I would agree on both counts. But I would also say that like the other two outlets that now exist in Liverpool, Zoo are totally irresponsible in ignoring the opportunity they have of giving the city's worthwhile bands a desperately-needed national audience, in favour of gratifying their own whims.

This brings us to Open Eye records who in the shape of Noddy Knowler were responsible for the execrable 'Street to Street' compilation album. Apparently a great opportunity to get a dozen of the city's best bands into the public eye all at once, it turned out to be a dreadful advert for all the worst characteristics of the flood of new ideas. All it is good for is enhancing the reputation of the excellent M.V.C.U. studio, a professional-quality 4-track at demo-tape prices run by . . . Noddy Knowler, and a

part of the same semi-community operation which houses the label. Of the twelve bands featured, more than half no longer existed when the record was released, two already had records out and one was a non-existent band assembled in the studio for a one-off recording by members of B.I.J. etc. This completely defeats the object of the l.p. as originally stated — to give the best unsigned working bands a chance to get themselves known.

Open Eye's second release is the Moderate's e.p. It would be unfair to criticise the latter — they're a band bigger on fun and pure entertainment than real depth and it's not for me to say that they weren't worth a record; but surely the point of independent labels was to let bands like the Moderates release records AS WELL AS the for-want-of-a-better-word "serious" bands, not INSTEAD OF.

Thirdly we have Roger Eagle and Pete Fulwell of Eric's with their twin Eric's and Inevitable labels. The attitude here is pretty much the same as Zoo — it is beyond me how people can expect to produce really good singles when they record bands who have done no gigs whatsoever and been together only a few weeks (Wah! Heat) or record a band's second or third gig for a live e.p. (Pink Military Stand Alone) which is widely believed to be the worst record ever made. Both the bands I've unfairly singled out have more-or-less justified their mentor's faith since but why waste that money in the first place? If Wah! Heat recorded "Better Screams" NOW it really would be a classic, and similarly Pink Military have now released a fine second e.p. and are a genuine force live. As it is, there's a growing belief in these parts that Dave MacCullough and the like don't hear the same records we do — a top secret "good" version is recorded for review purposes while a watered-down version is pressed and released for the benefit of the more delicate ears of the public.

Bands captured at a stage of musical immaturity occasionally turn half-worked ideas into classic tracks like "Sleeping Gas" but not nearly often enough to justify the haphazard selection of "talent" by friendship operated by the three outlets listed above. The wilful neglect of any commercial considerations (which in spite of any airy-fairy idealism are essential to some extent in all operations bar strictly one-off labels) implicit in that system is emphasised by the fact that a band like Psycamash totally unknown outside Liverpool can regularly draw crowds as big as or bigger than several of the local bands who already have records out. (I make no apology for mentioning my own band because that is fact, not prejudiced opinion). And yes, I am doing something about it myself — I'm in the process of setting up a record



# agzigbagzigbagzigbagZIGBAG

## LETTER FROM LIVERPOOL (FROM P. 51)

label right now.

Before I close the negative side of my piece, a quick story — draw your own conclusions. The other day a mate of mine took a studio demo of three songs to the Zoo office for Bill Drummond to listen to. Half way through the first song he turned the machine off and said "It's not what we're looking for". Requests to elaborate drew nothing but a repetition of the same sentence. Consider also that apart from Teardrop and the Bunnymen, Zoo have signed only one band, Teardrop-clones the Expelaires from Yorkshire. Think about it.

Now a brief look at the good points — brief because apart from the simple fact that there are plenty of good bands lacking only a good break, there are precious few. The local independent station plays less music by Liverpool artists in 6 months than John Peel does in an average week. The only access to undiscovered local bands is therefore Phil Ross's excellent 1½ hours on BBC Radio Merseyside, during which he plays not only all the local music he can get but also tapes by unsigned bands. A pitiful state of affairs for such a genuinely vibrant scene but better than nothing.

The other ray of hope is that Eric's gradual decline has been mirrored by the gradual increase in prestige of the only serious alternative gigs — the Everyman Bistro and Kirklands, which separate the men from the boys by having the band's fee governed by the size of the audience; and a brand new venue only a few weeks old, at Lincoln's Inn. For the latter every band in Liverpool should be grateful to Dave "How to build an empire on a roll of sellotape and a felt-tip pen" Cadwallader, hopefully just the first of a new breed of promoters, who cares more about the bands than the money (Well, he has no choice really).

That's it, just one man's inevitably somewhat biased view. I risk losing some friends and making some enemies by writing it, but this article had to be written sooner or later. If you live in Liverpool, please think carefully before you decide which gigs and records to spend your money on. If you don't, please think carefully before you decide who you want to believe.

Reg, Liverpool

DEAR Kris — It was great to see your article on Destroy All Monsters in ZZ 96 cos I think they are one of the best bands around. I was beginning to think that I was the only one, apart from the ones who only like pictures of Niagara in the music papers but your article changed my mind. My God, there is another fan out there!

I was at that gig at Leeds Fan Club. I was probably one of the "headbangers" you mentioned pogoing at the front. That was one of the best gigs I've ever been to. We had to sleep on the station but the so-called punks there just ignored it. Maybe it was too heavy. I love that Detroit-type music, Stooges, DAM, MC5, but you're either a punk or a heavy, right? Long hair — heavy; short — punk. Well, I'm a long-haired punk, who likes punk and Motorhead.

Do you know anything about any DAM tour plans, singles or an album? You seem

to be in touch with the band.

Remember, it's still one of the greatest pleasures known to man — dig out the Motorhead albums / DAM singles, crank every knob, climb every wall and blister blissfully in the raw heat pouring forth. Quite original, eh? — D. Hames, Scartho, Grimsby, South Humberside.

*To be honest I've not heard a sausage from or about DAM since they went back, and Cherry Red, their recent label, seem equally in the dark. Wonder what they're up to. — K.N.)*

DEAR Kris — How about an interview with good ol' John Peel, after all he is the only deejay playing our music.

I know the NME done a feature on him last year, but some of your readers may have missed it. Considering he's been in the biz for the last couple of decades and watched it develop from 50s rock 'n' roll to today's New Wave he must have one hell of a lot of yarns to tell. So an interview would be fun, interesting and a bloody good read, okay? Cheers — Pete Ray, "Iron Horse" squat, Kettering P.S. In case you print this can I send the following message: Oyl Pinhead, Billy, Arfur and Sulphate, get off your back-sides and do something!

The dudes mentioned above are members of my band, "Shellshock". Unfortunately, they prefer to lark about and go down the pub instead of playing. Our one and only gig at a local working-men's club turned into a complete disaster when two of the band decided to sample the club's beer and spirits before taking the stage. If you print this it might shame them into taking the band more serious.

*(Sounds a familiar problem, Pete! Sure a JP piece is a good idea — I s'pose we haven't done one before cos we've rested on the considerable laurels of having J. Walters, Peel's producer, write for us every month. One to think about . . .)*

DEAR Kris — I'm not going to say I'm glad to see Zigzag back on the shelves again because I've just started getting it and I think it's brill. At 50p it's great value and I even got my friend Paul reading it.

I'm in a band called the Psionic Attacks (previously known as The Derv). We've never played any gigs because we are really basic.

I found Butler Rep's Top 20 very interesting (and the Furs article) especially the inclusion of "Hurricane Fighter Plane" by Red Crayola (my dad used to build them).

How about a Pop Group article? I saw them last year and still have a piece off their Rickenbacker stuck on my guitar. I've got one of your back numbers with the Groovies in it. I used to think I was the only person who liked them but there are others. — Adam Parker, Tuf-flania, Glous.

P.S. Who is Walters, is he someone famous?

*(See above!)*

DEAR Kris — I'm fairly sure I'm not the only Bicester resident who buys the very wonderful Zigzag, as I have seen the pile diminish over a number of days. So . . . why can I never meet anyone into the same musical tastes as myself? I want

desperately to form a band, preferably with people with no experience. My tastes can be described easiest by simply saying Zigzag prints it, Peel plays it (with a few exceptions).

So please, please, anyone who mimes in their room, has or hasn't equipment, can or can't play something, but wants to form a band, for God's sake get in touch, I'm beginning to feel lonely. — Mike, tel. Bicester 41953 soon!

I know it's already been asked for, but can we have Peel's Festive 50 printed in Zigzag, please? I would also like to see a review of Vaultage '79 and some of the Brighton bands. — Bob.

*(Next December promise we'll ask (bit late to have a Festive 50 in May). What's happening in Brighton now, you lot?)*

ZIGZAG — I'm glad you've brought out another great issue. In every copy of ZZ I've got you never start a slagging match with any group, which is good news cos NME and Sounds will soon only have one or two groups to praise and they'll be close relatives. Keep up the good work and print my top twenty. If possible mention my group who are in Middlesbrough. We're called Frenzy Battalion. We're brilliant. — Hewy, Sutton Estate, Middlesbrough.

DEAR Kris — I am in a group called Government Property. We are a band from Croydon, currently facing a huge problem. Croydon seems to have no amateur drummers who are into new wave / pop. If anyone in the area is interested could they phone 657 7273 and ask for Gary. Thanks a lot!

Now, may I comment on two exclusions from 'Zigzag', the Jump and the VIPs, both excellent new bands who deserve to be listened to? Also please can we have more Fall, Joy Division, a Tours obituary, Toyah and Honey Bane, and maybe Government Property if you print this letter!

Anyway, great to see 'Zigzag' back. — Gary Mundy, Croydon, Surrey.

## BOOK REVIEW

Pete Frame's Rock Family Trees (Omnibus)

SEEMS like years that old Framey's been talking about turning the pile of Family Trees under his couch into a book. Many a night I conked out on that sofa. As the jacket-notes tell me, it was a pile of rock 'n' roll history I was snoozing on!

Within this tome (and incidentally those ain't Frame's mitts toiling away at Roxy tree on the cover) are gathered the cream of the trees Pete's been putting in ZZ and Sounds (traitor!) for the last few years, all modernised and revised to bring 'em up to date at the time of going to press.

Trees range from the Byrds-Mac-CSN West Coast incest-bed, through the staunch '60s-'70s UK Rock Musicians through to the New York and British New Waves. Every detail you could wish for, plus Frame's inimitable comments and much to keep you glued. Instantly redundantises any other efforts at collating facts. A must!

SEND LETTERS TO ZIGBAG, 69A STANBRIDGE ROAD, LEIGHTON BUZZARD, BEDS.



mental as anything



'Harmonious harmonies,  
Melodic melodies,  
Tuneful tunes,  
Lyrical lyrics,  
and hooks that  
stick like shit to a blanket!'  
**mental as anything**

Their first album on *Virgin*



# THE 1980 ZIGZAG POLL

VOTE IN THE ZIGZAG READERS' POLL!! IT'S YOUR CHANCE TO AIR YOUR FAVES OF THE PAST 12 MONTHS. EVERYONE CAN VOTE (GROUPS, JOURNALISTS, ETC.) SO DON'T BE APATHETIC! Votes must be in by April 14... send to Zigzag Poll, 69a Stanbridge Rd, Leighton Buzzard, Beds.

## ALBUM (OF LAST 12 MTHS)

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_

## SINGLE (OF LAST 12 MONTHS)

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_

## BEST GROUP

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_

## BEST SMALL BAND

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_

## BEST LIVE GROUP

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_

## BEST UNRECORDED TRACK (CAN INCLUDE PEEL SESSION)

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_

## TIP FOR THE TOP

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_

## FEMALE SINGER

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_

## MALE SINGER

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_

## FAVE PERSON NO VOTING FOR 'ME'

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_

## HATED PERSON

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_

## SEXIEST PERSON

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_

## SONGWRITER(S)

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_

## RECORD LABEL

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_

## TV SHOW

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_

## BEST DRESSED

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_

## WORST 4 5 OF YEAR

## VOTE

WHO I'D MOST LIKE TO SEE IN ZIGZAG (AND ANY OTHER SUGGESTIONS)

WE'VE DROPPED THE REGGAE SECTION - WHY SHOULD IT BE THE ONLY MUSIC SEGREGATED? VOTE FOR REGGAE, BLUES, SOUL, FOLK, SKA, COUNTRY, JAZZ, YODELLING OR AUSTRALIAN SHEEP-SEXING SHANTEYS IN ANY SECTION.

## NOW!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

AGE \_\_\_\_\_



# SINGLES

**THE SLITS:** In The Beginning There Was Rhythm / **THE POP GROUP:** Where There's A Will . . . (Rough Trade)

The Slits have changed a lot since the rampant early gigs (looking forward to that bootleg album). I don't seem 'em nowadays so all I've got to go on is records . . . and this one shows they've moved on again. The sound is simpler and drier than "Cut" and the rhythm in question is tribal funk more than reggae rockers. Many shades of Pop Group (not surprising, they use the same drummer). Ari in mighty voice.

The Pop Group side is the clipped, manic funk they excel at. Minus all the echo and boomings of previous single their sound is simpler too. The Slits and the Pop Group are almost the same group now. Together they forge on nearly alone. Whatever else you can dance about.

**LINTON KWESI JOHNSON:** De Black Petty Booshwah / Straight to Madray's Head (Island)

INSPIRED by the Railton Road Youth Club struggle of last year, when the club fought against attempts by Methodist Church Authorities and ILEA to close it. Now they face more pressure — to exclude over-21s from the facilities, thus destroying their independent organisation body. A new campaign rears . . .

Meanwhile, this fine single speaks of last year's events, Linton's voice ironic and lilting at the same time. Rico supplies nagging trombone hook and the dub's a wobbler. Utterly infectious taste of forthcoming album, "Bass Culture", which also contains Linton's first love song.

**PRETENDERS:** Talk of the Town (Real)

YEAH I know, we've been planning a Pretenders feature for over a year. Well it didn't happen again. We did get along to see the band record a video film to promote the new single, but that dull repetition was hardly the stuff from which Definitive Articles are made. Next time . . .

Sure this'll be a hit but the video is now a luxurious necessity to "break" a single — and especially useful in this case as the Pretenders took off on a two month US tour two days later and will be away for all TOTP-spots. The set is black and white lines, simple but effective with the band suitably starkly attired ('cept for drummer Martin Chambers, who borrowed guitar-man James Honeyman-Scott's bright red suit to go with his enormous drum-kit. He was christened "Santa" for the day — wish you could see all the off-camera crack-ups!)

"Talk of the Town" (aha!) is fuller and faster than "Brass In Pocket" and they still haven't broken the classic line. Guitars jangle and Chrissie's voice helter-skelters down the "maybe tomorrow" hook and repeat-echoes on the "you've changed"s. "Brass" hung about before deciding to stroll up the top. This one'll run there in half the time.



**SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES:** Happy House (Polydor)

BEEN out a while but an important one for the Banshees. Could they cut it without Morris and McKay? Had the inactivity while searching for a new guitarist dulled their fire?

I should say not! For a start the Sioux-Severin team has come up with nearly an album's worth of new stuff which is startling as ever. "Happy House" and "Drop Dead Celebration" are the tip of a volcanic iceberg (you wait). Meanwhile we have here a deceptively light, bouncy and commercial 'A' side, with Sioux exploring those vocal chords more than of yore, and a fear-some flip aimed square between the eyes of the two "Blackheads" bade "bye bye" on the runout. The nasty, churning riff — John McGioch's guitar well-treated — is given squirming momentum by Budgie's bombast. Mee-owch!! The Banshees are back.



SHOTGUN AND REVOLVER BLAST AT THE SAME INSTANT, BUT AS JULIE FALLS, CHILDS IS PITCHED BACKWARDS INTO THE STREET . . .

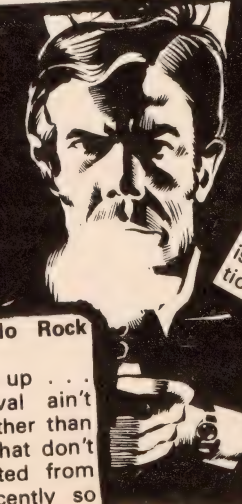
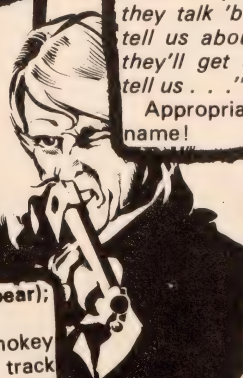
**THE JAM:** Going Underground (Polydor)

LOOKS that way. The image has moved on from Mod to Small Faces centre-parting and polka dots circa '66. "Itchy-coo Park" was just a few months away. The sound retains reggae inflections and Weller's aggressive panache but "Dreams of Children" (My fave) is bathed in floaty psychedelics. Bonus EP gives you live volley of "Away From The Numbers", "The Modern World" and "Tube Station", recorded at the Rainbow.

**THE BUTTOCKS:** EP — "BGS", "Bonanza", "You" "Kreatur" (Konnekschen)

DEUTSCH-punk. "You must fight the browns, you turn fascist Germany . . . they talk 'bout the red danger, they don't tell us about the fascist mass, they hope they'll get a new third Reich, they don't tell us . . ."

Appropriate rant-scape. And I love the name!



**BURNING SPEAR:** Bad to Worse (Spear); **STEEL PULSE:** Don't give in (Island)

TWO welcome returns — Spear smokey and rumbling as ever on this track which'll be on the forthcoming EMI album, and Pulse forceful and vibrant, which is a good sign.

**THE BODYSNATCHERS:** Let's do Rock Steady (2-tone)

BET this one's already cleaned up . . . and why not? The Ska revival ain't gonna take no-one anywhere further than a disco and millions will argue that don't matter. The Bodysnatchers started from scratch (not L. Perry) quite recently so their sound is less formulaised, more their own — good.

**MANICURED NOISE:** Metronome / Moscow 1980 (Pre) FORMER ZZ gets the band he's had for near on two years to black-labelled vinyl. The sound is disco-motorik with film theme inflections and hooting sax. One to watch.

TUT, TUT! NAUGHTY GIRL - I'LL TAKE THAT . . .



# ALBUMS

## SUICIDE

TEN years ago in a dingy New York loft two blokes were whipping up formidable walls of sheer, pulverising sound using just a set of keyboards and tortured vocal chords. Alan Vega and Martin Rev called themselves Suicide and took their sound round clubs and any other place that would have them. The usual reaction was jeers, abuse and often physical violence. But they didn't care and just carried on, all the time honing this sound with the addition of drum machines and other devices. The various New York beat booms came and went but media and masses rarely heeded the strange pair.

Then in 1978 an album appeared on Red Star Records. It was a weird collision between New York street bop, early Velvets and basic electronic dance patterns. They came over and supported on the Clash's "On Parole" tour and sometimes the sets would last just 15 minutes before the hail of cans and gob from perplexed and outraged self-styled hard core punks got too thick to carry on.

Funny thing is, nowadays most of those 78 punky latecomers have forged onwards through fashions and now they're either Mods, or have adopted funny hairstyles, silly trousers and glum looks and started glibly revelling in the New Musick brigade — usually a diluted, years-behind shadow of what Suicide were up to years ago.

Now Suicide have emerged again. They're being told "their time has come". But they're still ahead... by miles. Next to this album ninety per cent of NM synthy mumbblers come across laughable, pretentious and weedy. I don't wanna create albatrosses for the duo to live up to but this album — whose name I don't yet know — is so startlingly new, yet perfectly danceable, that it can comfortably sit high with early Velvets, Roxy's first, Bowie's best, "Metal Box" and any other current-pointing landmark you care to mention.

Suicide don't mess about. This is electronic dance music but it's raw, ugly, vicious and totally uncompromising. At the same time they'll tackle a love song and make it work. All the years of hard grind, apathy, insults and experimenting have boiled into a killer whole spat back in the eyes at last turned their way.

Side one and "Diamonds, Fur Coat, Champagne". Suicide's words often consist of just the title repeated over and over plus lung-wracking distended screams and crazed murmurings from Vega. This track rides a mesh of drum-machines, counter-riffs and ridiculously propulsive "bass."

"Mr. Ray" is a churning, steaming whack in the guts. Vega's voice gets more guttural and rasping until he disappears under one impossibly-long rasping scream.

"Sweetheart": Suicide's love song! Only lyrics are the title and "I love you", which Vega croons in an Elvis vibrato. The backing swings softly and coos. You get time for a weak smile before "Fast Money Music", hectic and whooping, the drum machine on chattering overdrive.

"Touch Me" is another scorching, met-

ronomic feast. There's so much going in these tracks beyond the jigsaw construction of the beats-melodies. The odd stepping momentum set up here is totally danceable. Can't believe it was produced by one of The Cars!

"Harlem" opens side two with a nightmare ride and a menacing throb. Screams in the night echo for miles, the sirens are going but the eerie fascination keeps you rooted to the danger. Suicide in their element.

"Be Bop Kid". Pure rock 'n' roll bass line, roller coaster beat, piping keyboard punctuation — insanely catchy.

"Las Vegas Man". The other mid-side slowie. Almost a night-club croon vocal-wise. The rest ain't.

"Shadazz". Relentlessly "up" deranged calypso.

"Dance". Down to the black bones of an electrocuted thrash and a spine-freezing riff, under which voices moan and speed up to a sort of demon chipmunk.

That's it — isn't this review long? Well I don't care, albums like this are few and far between. This'll be acclaimed, everyone will suddenly have liked 'em all along, and that's great. They deserve it.

Suicide — shuts all other competition in the kamikaze!

Kris

**BLACKBEARD: I Wah Dub (More Gut); SCIENTIST VS. PRINCE JAMMY: Big Showdown 1980 (Greensleeves)**

TWO more meritorious dub-ups. Dennis "Blackbeard" Bovell, renowned producer for Linton, Janet Kay, the Pop Group and The Slits, has assembled eight subtle ridim excursions, not lobe-singing but totally agreeable. Great loopy sound effect links.

The Greensleeves set uses rhythms from Barrington Levy's "Englishman" set, produced and arranged by Henry "Junjo" Lawes. Takes the form of alternate strikes by Scientist and Jammy. No real winners emerge from this sturdy set.

**THE FEELIES: Crazy Rhythms (Stiff)**

APT title. The Feelies construct rhythmic jigsaws out of all sorts of percussion and hurried, sparse guitars at times recalling 69 Velvets. A welcome break from the welter of weedy pop seeping from the States, a group with a sound of their own who look like youth club leaders in John Noakes sweaters.

**ALEX CHILTON: Like Flies On Sherbet (Aura)**

YEAH, well... I'm a massive fan of Alex Chilton, he's dangerous, brilliant and tortured, but this latest offering leaves me as perplexed as ever. I was wondering as I listened just what goes on in his head when he's recording. It's basically rock 'n' roll, but the instruments are jangled, discordant and out of focus, colliding around on a thin thread to reality (whatever that is). Chilton's singing is similarly pained, floating above the noise, sometimes totally at odds. It's all pretty unnerving, like the deranged cod-country-into-Stones-chug of "Waltz Across Texas" or shambling insanity of "My Rival", but strangely compelling. What will this chip-pan brain fry up next!

**ROD TAYLOR: If Jah Should Come Now (Little Luke)**

LABEL courtesy Keith of Daddy Kool and named after his new arrival. First album comes from Mr. Taylor, currently v. hot property. The title track sold in buckets and is indicative of the high standard. Passionate, hard rockers. Rod's got more than enough talent to keep his head above the mass of "good singers" coming out of reggae.



**THE KNACK:**

but the little girls understand (Capitol)  
HORRIBLE, precocious uninformed Yanks take '60s beat music and fill it with squeaky accents and pointless words. Just saw The Knack on "Compost Corner" where they belong.

... AN ENDLESS  
... AN ETERNITY  
... I CEASE ...

... MY BODY KISSES THE  
GROUND ... THERE IS  
PAIN ... AM I DEAD?

**ROCKERS ALMIGHTY (Clock Tower)**

THE heaviest monster dub. Produced by Brad Osborne who takes roots rockers ridims from JA's finest and shoots 'em through with extreme effect. Try "21 Gun Salute to Brother Marcus", which is just that. Who!

NO!  
NO!  
... WHAT IS  
UP? ... THE SAME  
DREAM?

**THE RUDE KIDS: Safe Society (Polydor)**

WHO can resist the Rude Kids, Sweden's number one punks? They first crashed on the scene with the venomous "Raggare is a bunch of Mother-f---ers", a brave swipe at homeland bully-boy gangs. Now an album; similarly vitriolic blasts pop stars (Mr. Star) — HE'S JUST DOIN' IT FOR THE MONEY, IT'S NEVER GONNA BE LIKE WHEN THE BEATLES PLAYED "MY BONNIE". Punk ("Incredibly Cliched"), a hilarious conversation between a girl claiming to be Sheena and a Punk who won't dance. War ("Thoughts in the shadow of death"), dirty books ("Shit Magazine"), their country's dearth of rock venues ("Marquee") — "We're from Stockholm, the ass-hole of Sweden, we don't have anywhere to meet, talk or play." Working life ("Monotonous") and "We've got polar bears on our streets" (!?!).

It's lightning-fast Rammoc-rock, naive yes but only to jaded old us. They're bored in Sweden, where there's NOTHING. And they're doing something about it.



**THE CRAMPS: Songs The Lord Taught Us (Illegal)**

LIKE the phantoms in a Louisiana Will Hay film come The Cramps . . .

Ooh I've been waiting for this one. Ever since getting my claws on the "Surfin' Bird" single, the "Gravest Hits" EP, seeing them live last year supporting the Police at Friars, getting only a quarter of

**HOLGER CZUKAY: Movies (EMI)**

BASICALLY, this is half a new Can album. They're all here — Jaki Liebeziet, skittering about on drums, Irmin Schmidt on a little piano, Michael Karoli on a bit of guitar . . . but the achievement is Holger's. I always thought Can were at their most formidably compulsive and innovative when Holger was playing bass. As he took more of a back seat to

of Hunter's finest, most sensitive songs and a look back to his own words, plus "Honoloochie Boogie" to make the hits complete. But this LP just goes to show again Mott's finesse and influence.

The Hunter album, covering the CBS albums, inexplicably devotes a side to the semi-disastrous "Overnight Angel" LP, scooting over such milestones as "Boy" and "Irene Wilde" in the process. In fact "All American Alien Boy", best of the three, is sadly under-represented. Never mind, the record company will make some money from this nostalgia, I'll look forward to his next (Hello "Sea-Divers"!).

**COCKNEY REJECTS: Greatest Hits Vol. 1 (EMI)**

A LOT of front this lot, but their loud arrival and surrounding fanfares of being as potentially important as the Pistols take a lot of living up to. Now, of course, they ain't gonna upend the music scene in '76-style, it's already been done, but they might give it's PX labels a good shaking if sprayed in the right direction.

It is the Rejects' Greatest Hits cos the last two singles and B sides are all here (just like "Bollocks"). A lot of the riffs are just like "Bollocks" too. It's loud, raucous, bellowed and energetic and therefore infinitely preferable to the faceless "catchy tunes" of most New Wave groups around today.

**ROBERT GORDON: Bad Boy (RCA)**

OL' cliff-top-head is back with the same mixture of rock billy boogie and tingling Elvis Ballads. Richard Gottelher is producing but something still don't quite click. I don't think he goes berserk enough.

**SKA**

ISLAND once more delve into their extensive back cat. and emerge with "Intensified — Original Ska 1963-67 Vol 2", sixteen more up-rhythm classics by the likes of the Skatalites ("Dr. Kildare", "Lucky Seven", "Sucu-Sucu"), Maytals ("Six and Seven Books of Moses", recorded in '63 as The Vikings), Desmond Dekker and the Four Aces ("Mount Zion") and Don Drummond ("Man in the Street"). More off-the-wall but equally enjoyable are gems like Sir Lord Comic's "The Great Wuga-Wuga" and "Congo War" by Lord Brynner and the Sheiks. The whole lot winds up with the Ethiopians' "Train to Skaville".

"Club Ska '67" was one of the era's classics and with the original's collectability zooming skywards re-issue was inevitable. The original tracks with the addition of Justin Hines' "Rub up push up". Probably my fave of all the Island re-issues, it includes "Guns of Navarones", "Phoenix City", "Shanty Town"; another Sir Lord Comic in "Ska-ing West", The Gaylads' "Stop Making Love", tons more . . . not to mention groovy sleeve-notes by one Guy Stevens, foremost London Ska-man of the time.

Also in the "this-is-what-they-want" stakes we have a 12-inch re-issue by Trojan of "Liquidator" by the Harry J. All-stars and "Long Shot Kick De Bucket" by The Pioneers, on one disc and lengthened.

These are great songs, they've rarely been transcended by the spate of covers and, though it might be "fun", it's really going backwards to try.

H.J.

**The Cramps - Psycho-Corker**

the reaction they deserved but wiping out the ones who cared . . .

Now a black-clad album with production by none other than Alex Chilton, whose own latest gonzo excursion is reviewed here too. Chilton's leant his own derailed thought processes to the sounds here and, whereas, I wouldn't have complained if it'd cut more sharp, see it ultimately as a marriage made in heaven.

Thirteen tracks, many of which were peppering last year's set — "I Was A Teenage Werewolf", "Sunglasses After Dark", "I'm Cramped", probably more. I dunno about Punkabilly but The Cramps use the basic deep-South driven thrash for starters. The rest is them — two guitars (no bass), Lux Interior's manic vocalising, all other stuff going on. On the top it may seem like comic-book voodoo monster-giggles but scratch as deep as you want, and The Cramps come out unique. For shiver-giving shockers from spine to feet, unsurpassed.

**LIZZY MERCIER DESCLOUX: Press Color (Ze)**

OH, I do like to be beside the Ze-side! Here comes another one. This time it's the young lady responsible for the bare terror of the Rosa Yemen LP, in a four-piece band with some very strange places to go.

They kick off with a semi-disco version of old Arthur Brown's "Fire", an old choice which half works. There's a version of the "Mission Impossible" theme, a steamy treatment of "Fever" retitled "Tumour", which I find inexplicably unenjoyable, and the rest are semi-instrumental dance slices, mumbling riffs, faintly T. Heads, which I like best. There's something about this V. Short Album. What is it?

concentrate on radio hamming, the albums got worse. But now I'm happy to report he's back at the helm, playing not only bass but guitar and keyboards, and the result is the best Can album for years.

He's still tinkering with receivers, the weird results popping up throughout the album's four tracks, but in here there's a welter of rhythms, influences and effects which knit together to form a hynotic whole.

Irmin and Michael only appear on "Oh Lord Give Us More Money", but it's 13 minutes long, loosely based on riffs from the "Landed" album. It evokes all the brilliant atmosphere of Can at their peak, diving, holding back, climaxing — great stuff. "Hollywood Symphony" is 15 minutes, all Holger and Jaki, subtle and sweeping. "Persian Love" a touch of the East, "Cool In The Pool", the quirky near-disco 45 of last year. Can fans CHARGE!

**SHADES OF IAN HUNTER — THE BALLAD OF IAN HUNTER AND MOTT THE HOOPLE (CBS)**

NOT a good deal for those who felt Hunter-Mott did their best stuff with Island ("Rock 'n' Roll Queen", "Thunder-buck Ram", "The Journey", "Half Moon Bay" . . . ) but a reasonable summation of the middle two-quarters of a great man's work.

The Mott album of the double is hits 'n' B-sides: "Dudes", "Memphis", "Golden Age", "Roll Away The Stone", the vastly under-rated and sadly prophetic "Saturday Gigs". Plus a few album tracks and an out-take of the "Mott Live" album, an excruciatingly lame "Marionette", which should never have been let out of the vaults.

I think they could've included "The Ballad Of Mott The Hoople" itself, being one



# ONE STEP BEYOND!

## LACE-UP CREEPER

Black, blue +  
red suede,  
white leather.  
£18.99 + £1.50  
p+p



## BUCKLE CREEPER

as above, also  
grey + green  
suede  
£18.99  
+ £1.50 p+p



## JAM SHOE

Black suede + white  
Red "  
Grey " + grey  
£15.99 + £1.00 p+p



Cheques + Postal orders to:  
Shelly's Shoes, 146 King's Rd.,  
Chelsea.

For immediate delivery,  
state 2nd choice colour.

# Shelly's Shoes

## How Can You Walk Round Looking Like That?!

## Don't You Reckon You Need Some New Clothes?!

Why not send a SAE for  
our current list of Biker Jackets.  
Sweatshirts, PVC Jeans,  
Blazers, Shades, Leather  
jumpsuits, Belts 'n' Buckles, Ski  
pants, Flags, Jackets, Staprests,  
Skirts, Dresses, Shirts, Badges  
etc. etc.

INDIVIDUAL TRADING Co.,  
Dept Z, 81 Tavistock St.,  
Bedford MK40 2RR  
Tel: (0234) 216692

THE DELUGE CONTINUES! AFTER  
THE RESPONSE TO THE RECENT  
ANNOUNCEMENT IN FANZINE  
CORNER THAT WE'D BE PUTTING  
TOGETHER A FANZINE CATALOG,  
WE'VE RECEIVED TONS OF INFO  
AND SAMPLES. THE GOOD THING  
IS THAT EVEN PLACES LIKE AYR  
AND HERNE BAY HAVE GOT 'EM.  
SO KEEP SENDING, PARTICULARLY  
INFO ON 'ZINES YOU MIGHT'VE  
DONE IN '77-'78-'79! NOW, HERE'S  
SOME CURRENTLY AVAILABLE...

## ALTERNATIVE SOUNDS

(30p + 15p P+P-MARTIN, 143 MOAT AVE  
COVENTRY). VITAL CENTRALISING OF  
MIDLANDS SCENE. NEW DOUBLE-SIZE  
ONE DUE NOW.

## KILL YOUR PET PUPPY

(DUNNO HOW MUCH BUT AVAILABLE  
FROM ROUGH TRADE, 202 KENSING-  
TON PARK RD. LONDON W11). TONYD  
OF 'RIPPED & TORN' RIDES AGAIN,  
FRANTIC SELF EXAMINATION AND  
CRUSADING FOR PUNK POSITIVISM.  
CROSS MUSIC, SID MARCH IN #2

## ON (20p+SAE FROM R. TRADE)

#1 - PRAGUEC, SCRITTI... HONEST VIEWS,  
CROYDON-BASED.

## MAKING TIME (25p+SAE FROM

34 COBBLERS BRIDGE RD, HERNE  
BAY, KENT) OFF-SEASON SOUTH COAST  
LIVENED UP (TRIES)-REVIEWS/INTS.

## NEXT BIG THING (TOP INC P+P:

LINDSAY HUTTON, 10 DOCHART PATH,  
GRANGEMOUTH, STIRLINGSHIRE)  
A VETERAN RETURNS WITH DOUBLE-SIZE  
ISH. LOTS HERE - GOOD STUFF WITH U.S.  
SLANT- CRAMPS, RAMONES, BRUCE, ETC.

**VAGUE** (25p + SAE - BUTCOMBE,  
CASTLE ST, MERE, WILTS) COVERS A  
BORING SALISBURY-BOURNEMOUTH  
SORT OF AREA WITH ENTHUSIASM.

## WOOL CITY ROCKER

(45p INC P+P-NICK TOCJEK, 5 BEECH  
TERR. UNDERCLIFFE, BRADFORD)  
GROWING WEST YORKS MAG AIMING FOR  
NAT. DIST. WIDE RANGE FROM HM-PUNK.  
GLOSS COVER.

**SHBOOM!** (35p+SAE-THE OAKS,  
KINGSEAT PLACE, FALKIRK) BIG WITH  
LOTS IN #1 HAS SPIZZ, U2, OMITD, CURE  
ANOTHER ATTEMPT AT SPARKING ACTION

## TROUSER PRESS (DUNNO (30p?))

FROM GRACH BOBBLEY, 18 CUMBERLAND  
AVE, BASINGSTOKE, HANTS) LOCAL  
BANDS, SILLY OVERTONES! NOT THE  
UK GLOSSY MAG!

**VAULTAGE '79** (22p+SAE-  
PETER GIBSON, 23 BLACKBURN DRIVE,  
AYR) ONE DUE SOON. INTS/REVIEWS-  
LOCAL & VISITING GROUPS.

-MORE PLEASE! -

Fanzine  
Corner!

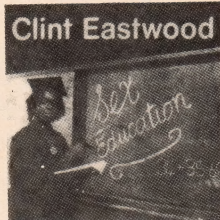
# Greensleeves

## AUGUSTUS PABLO — ORIGINAL ROCKERS ALBUM



(GREL 8)

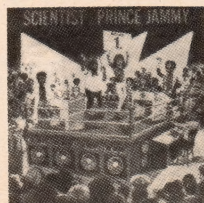
## CLINT EASTWOOD — SEX EDUCATION



(GREL 11)

## SCIENTIST v PRINCE JAMMY

BIG SHOWDOWN 1980 — (No. 1 ALBUM)



(GREL 10)

Featuring:  
Rocker Dub, Up Warriks Mill,  
Cassava Piece, Tubby's Dub  
Song, Jan Dread, Brace A  
Boy, Thunder Clap, Park Lane  
Special, New Style AP  
Special.

TEN CLASSIC  
RHYTHMS FROM  
THE ORIGINAL  
ROCKER

New LP from No. 1 DJ  
CLINT EASTWOOD

Track listing:  
Sex Education, Blues Night,  
Continent, Side Kick, Watch  
Yourself Mr Newspaperman,  
Sweet Sweet Jamaica,  
Whole Heap A Gai In A The  
Dance, Lend Me One Of Your  
Girlfriend, Brotherman, I'm A  
Family Man.

Introducing to the world the  
big showdown. A dub  
selection with, on the right,  
Scientist, the dub chemist,  
and on the left, Prince  
Jammy, the dub specialist.  
Rounds 1-10

Distributed by: Spartan, Jet Star, Rough Trade, or direct from  
GREENSLEEVEs, 44 Uxbridge Road, Shepherds Bush, London W12. Tel: 01-749-3277

RIP 'SNIFFIN' UNDERWHERE' OF CHESHAM  
- THEY STAYED FREE, BUT APATHY KILLED...



**Q. HOW CAN YOU LIVE WITHOUT THE ONLY ONES?**



**A. YOU DONT HAVE TO! GET A SUBSCRIPTION  
TO ZIG ZAG AND YOU RECEIVE THE ONLY ONES NEW ALBUM —  
BABY'S GOT A GUN — FOR JUST  
A QUID.**

**— SPECIAL 100 OFFER —**

**THE FIRST 25 TO WRITE IN WILL ALSO RECEIVE A FREE COPY OF  
THE EXTRAORDINARY "SOUND CEREMONY BAND" LP (SEE  
PAGE 11 FOR DETAILS) . . .  
DON'T DELAY, WRITE TODAY!**



**12 ZIG ZAGS + LP  
12 ZIG ZAGS  
12 EUROPE  
12 USA**



**£8.50  
£7.50  
£10.00  
AIR \$40.00  
SEA \$20.00**

**SEND TO  
ZIG ZAG  
SUBSCRIPTIONS  
118 TALBOT RD.  
LONDON W11**

**LP offer UK only**

**Cheques & PO's to Zig Zag**



The only way to experience the power and majesty of any of the fine range of Yamaha electric guitars is to wield one yourself. Now in the 80's only Yamaha, with nearly 100 years hard earned experience behind them, combine their unique craftsmanship with advanced electronics to give you the edge.

#### **SG2000**

One piece body and neck constructed of maple and mahogany. Complete with solid brass sustain plate and ebony finger board. Available in brown sunburst, cherry sunburst, cherry, brown and black.

#### **BB1200**

One piece beautifully laminated in rock maple and mahogany. Full 21 frets. Available in brown stain or natural.

#### **SF1000**

Complete with Yamaha humbucking pick ups and push button switch for single coil sound. This 24 fret guitar is available in blonde and oil stain.

Call in at any Yamaha Pro Center and experience the full range of Yamaha Guitars.



# **YAMAHA**

**Craftsmen to the world's  
musicians since 1887.**

